Saturday Review

APRIL 1, 1961 / 25¢

IS WAR INEVITABLE?

YES: GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

NO: NORMAN COUSINS

SR/RESEARCH
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Richard Bellman • John Lear

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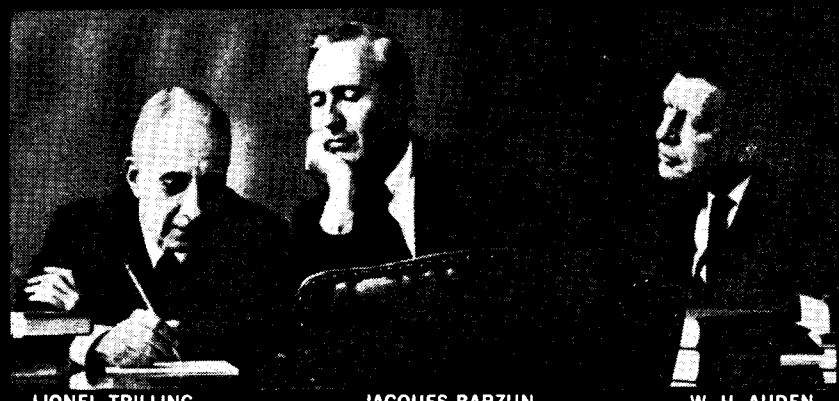

LIONEL TRILLING JACQUES BARZUN W. H. AUDEN

If bookstores were as plentiful as grocers and druggists there would be no need for book clubs. The fact that only a few large cities can maintain bookstores of a size to carry a fair assortment of books means that the great majority of the people find their reading matter with difficulty and by chance. The book club is one answer to this problem.

Moreover, the bookstore prices of good books have been going up and up. In our economy, consumers are increasingly differentiating between the list and market prices of most items. The book club, by providing wide distribution — plus the convenience of mail delivery — enables readers to obtain books at substantial discounts. If you buy your books through The Mid-Century Book Society, you will save 50% or more through low member's prices and free bonus books of your own choice.

Today's book clubs cater to different publics and have different working principles, from mere general merchandising to highly specialized selections, such as books on science or sports. The Mid-Century Book Society was formed two years ago to offer its members Literature in the traditional sense, new books that are most likely to endure, and the less-than-new of the same quality that may have been overlooked in the hurly-burly of publishing and advertising.

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No three editors could be found who differed more in background, national origins, temperament, and professional specialization. They read the large numbers of "possible" books that the presses of Europe and America produce — biography, history, superior fiction, drama, belles lettres, and current events — and choose only those few they value enough to put on their shelves and recommend to their fellow Mid-Centurions.

They do more: they read and judge and they also write for The Mid-Century magazine a review of each selection, a review in no way slanted to make a book appear any better than it is, a review as unaffected as the choice itself. The very fact that these men are willing to do this in the midst of their otherwise full literary lives is perhaps the best guaranty that this particular club is, within the limits of human fallibility, just what it professes to be: An aid to the thoughtful reader who wants to own only the very best books at the greatest possible savings.

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

JUST where in the first place the idea of the Civil War Centennial came from we honestly don't know, but we suspect the Russians. We've had hot wars and cold wars but when it comes to warmed-over wars we draw the line. We have, in short, a sort of "Is This War Necessary?" feeling. And we had this feeling strongly with the publication, in *Life* magazine, of the "Civil War Game"—one which bears the gamy subtitle "Everybody Gets a Chance to Fight it Over Again." "The object," said *Life*, "is to wipe out enemy troops. The game is over when one side is wiped out or surrounded. A tie at the end of the game is a moral victory for the South." The game, the magazine went on to inform us, "was invented by three members of the *Life* staff, although it also said, "only two people can play at a time"—which seemed to us a clear moral victory for the third person.

• • •

Besides the Civil War, we also had the war between Mr. Ed Sullivan and Mr. Jack Paar. Everyone can play that one too, and, taking shelter during an air-raid drill, we picked up an article in *McCall's* magazine. It was entitled "What It's like to Live with Jack Paar" and it was written by, of all people, Mrs. Paar. In it she recalled the first words Mr. Paar ever spoke to her—at an Army dance. "I don't dance," he greeted her, "but I'm very interesting to talk to." (Apparently he had the idea for a TV show even then.) Mr. Paar and Mrs. Paar had a date that first night and every single night thereafter (again just like the show) until four months later, when they were married. At that time Mr. Paar, who seems to have been extraordinarily favored by the Army up to then, was supposed to have a three-day pass for his honeymoon. He didn't, however. "Because of some transgression at camp," Mrs. Paar writes, "his pass had been revoked and he had to go back the next morning." Somehow we think there's a moral here too—and we pass it on to Mr. David Sarnoff, *et al.*, at NBC. Altogether, of all the amazing things about Mr. Paar's diatribe concerning Mr. Sullivan, none was more amazing than hearing every detail of the show's budget—including $2,300 a week for writers. Honestly, that's what the man said, *writers*. And all the time we could have sworn, and on the King James Bible, that the show was ad lib.

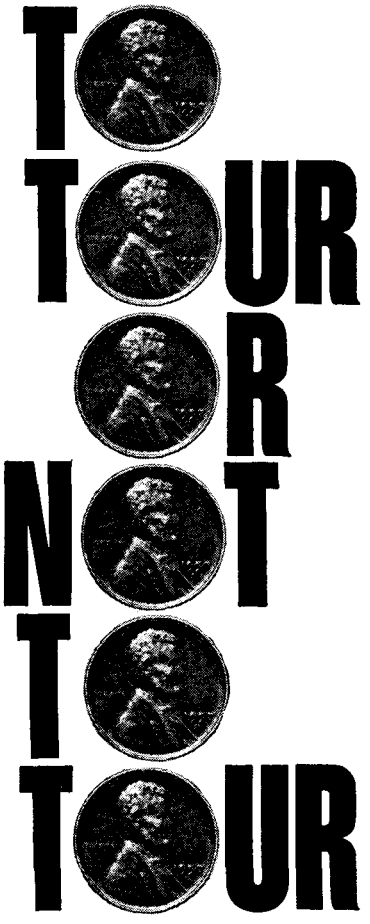
It could of course, have been the wrong Bible. In any case, during the month there came out a new Bible—a translation into "modern" English (see page 12). Numerous scholars apparently worked for thirteen years, with the British Protestant churches also apparently cooperating. No book had more promotion and news stories (including blurbs of praise from Messrs. Gilbert Highet and Clifton Fadiman) than this one. We're sorry to say, however, we can't go along. Messing around with the King James version — which has managed to prove itself good enough for quite a few Americans, including Abraham Lincoln—seems to us a perilous sport at best. At worst it is literally unbelievable. Thus Luke's "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding" becomes "Now in this same district there were shepherds out in the fields," etc. As for John's, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," it becomes "If a man has faith in me, even though he dies, he shall come to life." Finally, in Paul's First Corinthians not only has the "charity" become "love" but the "sounding brass" has become the "sounding gong" (why not dinner gong?); and the "tinkling cymbal" has become "clanging cymbal." Furthermore, "And now abideth" has become "In a word . . ."

Well, in a word, we don't think the new Bible is going to abideth very long —despite the clanging cymbals of promotion. And we liked best the *New York Herald Tribune*'s discussion of the new translation, in which it became apparent that even the paper's printer was getting into the act. In another passage from St. Paul ("Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels"), the printer made it, for the new version, "I may speak in tongues of men or angles." We think the translator meant "angels" but we can't be sure—maybe for the "modern" day the new Bible boys should go all the way and have it "angles."

• • •

We were lecturing in Iowa during the first part of the National Book Award ceremonies, and thus we arrived home, for the Author's League cocktail party, with something of a fresh perspective on the whole thing. In any case, after talks with such able citizens of the book trade as the Messrs. Maurice Dolbier and Bob Cromie, and Miss Alice Dixon Bond, we became

(*Continued on page* 51)



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By

C. P. SNOW

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TRADE Winds

THAT FAMILIAR and hard-to-define New York hostelry known as the Hotel Astor was again the scene recently of the National Book Awards. During the ceremonies and the polite stampede to the bar immediately following, the three victors emerged with laurel wreaths and checks of $1,000 each.

It was no real secret that William L. Shirer would walk off with the nonfiction award for "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich," and the general

mood of the galleries was contented, if not purring, with that choice.

In fiction, there were some faint rumblings from the pits in that the selection of Conrad Richter's "The Waters of Kronos" was thought to represent the work of a distinguished author who had not succeeded in topping his earlier work. Whatever the feelings were about Richter, he made up for it all with one of the most engaging acceptance speeches, delivered in absentia for him by Alfred Knopf.

Poetry, being the subjective and highly elusive thing that it is, created a difficult choice for judges Dudley Fitts, Kimon Friar, and W. D. Snodgrass, and they came up with Randall Jarrell's "The Woman at the Washington Zoo." General reaction of the country-wide book critics, editors, authors, magazine writers, reporters, literary agents, jacket designers, publicity directors, and Just Plain People in the ballroom audience at the Astor was neutral; the chances were they hadn't read the book, and it takes courage to go out on a limb to say just how good or bad a rising poet really is.

IN THE MUFFLED CONGESTION that followed the ceremony, white badges marked the out-of-town visitors to the three-day, gyroscopic whirl of cocktail parties, luncheons, dinners, and discussions, which were designed to send them back home groping for a Bromo Seltzer and an easy chair. Never let it be said that bookmen and book lovers are non-gregarious. About a thousand strong, they proved they could converse over the chatter, while balancing a hot hors d'oeuvre and a martini. In this democratic shuffle, the man from the *New York Times* and the man from the Lubbock *Avalanche-Journal* ranked equally as they roamed the carpets to chat with a sizable cluster of leading authors and publishers.

RANDALL JARRELL, the poetry winner, is an intense, bearded young man, born in Nashville and raised with a sharp respect for the poet, even if, by his own admission, poetry doesn't sell.

"The trouble is," Jarrell lamented, "that ninety per cent of the intelligentsia don't bother to read poetry. People have trouble with it because they don't practise reading it enough. I realize that obscurity in poetry makes it more difficult, and it's been my feeling that poetry should be as plain and intelligible as the subject matter permits. It's not easy to read Dante or Milton—but it's rewarding.

"A poet can't overexplain his writing, because if he does he loses power. Take Unitas—one of the best pro backs in football. The fans know what he means, and you don't need to explain his actions to them. They get the message. But if Unitas played in slow motion so that someone who knew nothing about football could understand him, he wouldn't last five minutes."

Still a little rueful about the small number of poetry buyers, Jarrell accepted his award check on the platform and promptly put it in his wallet with the comment: "If I wrote fiction, I wouldn't need to be so careful about this."

Later, we asked him what he planned to do with the money: "Plant a couple of trees and get some new hi-fi equipment," he told us.

WILLIAM SHIRER went through some uncertain years before he completed the 2,083 typewritten pages of his award-winning book. When he told one publisher about his idea, the response was: "Dear God, don't ask anyone to publish *that.*" But Simon and Schuster was made of sterner stuff and sweated

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through five years of painstaking work with him. "I squeezed one year's work into five," said Shirer. "This is a little rough for a free-lance writer with a family to support. I finally talked to one of the foundations, and they told me that if I wanted a million dollars it might be easier. But a paltry thousand or two to help pay for living expenses? Not on your life."

In his formal talk, he praised Max Schuster for his courage not only in printing the book, but in publishing it.

"It's one thing to print a book, but it's another to find readers for it. Writers might be crazy, but so are publishers. I say this in admiration."

Talking informally later, Mr. Shirer pointed out that the question he is most often asked on his lecture tours is: "Is Hitler really dead?"

"The answer is *yes*," said Mr. Shirer.

"That's interesting," said Randall Jarrell, who was standing nearby. "A question that I am often asked is: 'Is poetry really dead?'

"And the answer is *no*," said Mr. Jarrell.

CONRAD RICHTER, who writes with both beauty and power, can speak to the public with neither. He is so painfully shy that he cannot face any gathering, yet his acceptance speech was one of the most charming we have encountered.

When Alfred Knopf walked out on the speaker's platform to read Mr. Richter's speech, he began:

"I'm not speaking in person today, because my ancestors prevented me. My father was a preacher. My grandfather was a preacher. My uncle and great uncles were preachers. They spoke in public constantly and used up all the talent in the bloodstream so that when I came along, unfortunately there wasn't any left. But I'm grateful that they didn't all write, or I'd have been left in a worse way. As it was, two of them did write, rather prolifically, and that's what makes writing so slow and difficult for me. I simply manage to get enough done to get by.

"So when anyone tells me he wants to write, I say to him—first pick your ancestors carefully. The farther from an author, the better. Miners are fine. Stonecutters are better. So are farmers and stockmen. Their innocence of literary creation leaves plenty of good oxygen in the blood stream. Even ancestors who indulged in a little reading are suspect."

IF ROBERT FROST would give away two secrets, he would have most of the world in the palm of his hand, just in case he hasn't already. One is the secret of his enormous energy, at an age when most of us would like to take to a sun deck; the other is his secret of putting plain and simple words together with magic directness.

We saw him recently at a press conference, just before he took off for a visit to the Hebrew University of Jerusalem to conduct a seminar as the first Samuel Paley Lecturer in American Culture and Civilization.

"I enjoy questions," he said, "and the tougher, the better."

We asked him about a report that was printed in many papers, in which he was supposed to have told President Kennedy after the inauguration:

"There are two things a President should have: poetry and power."

"That came up in an interview with the Washington *Post*," Mr. Frost said. "I told them during the interview that I looked for an Augustan age of poetry and power in the new Administration, and they said: 'What's *that?*'

"One newspaper didn't like the use of the word 'power.' But I had a letter from the President not long ago, and across it was written the phrase: 'Power all the way.'"

Mr. Frost emphasized that he was not going to Israel to do any sightseeing, a pastime he doesn't relish. "I don't like to see things on *purpose*," he said. "I like them to soak in. A friend of mine asked me to go to the top of the Empire State Building once, and I told him that you shouldn't treat New York as a sight—it's feeling, an emotional experience. And the same with every place else."

Mr. Frost's lecture visit was short—a ten-day period.

"I've got America to tend to," he said. —JOHN G. FULLER.

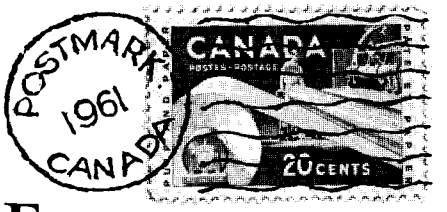
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1409)

(JEAN) KERR:

THE SNAKE HAS ALL THE LINES

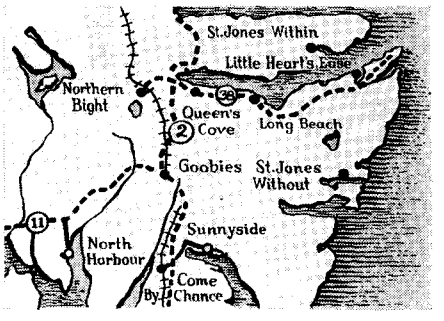
Ask an adult to hand you your glasses and he says, "Here they are, dear." He doesn't put them behind his back and say, "Guess which hand?" What I wish is that Amy and the others would get to work on the real trouble area—people under twelve.



ECUM SECUM, Nova Scotia, you won't be surprised to learn, is not as large as Montreal, Quebec, and both St. Jones Within and St. Jones Without, Newfoundland, have smaller populations than has Toronto, Ontario. The Magaguadavic River in New Brunswick and the Little Waterhen in Manitoba are neither as wide nor as long as the St. Lawrence. Yet we treasure these names on our maps.

We Canadians delight in the charm of many of our place names, which bear the stamp of a colorful history, and we find that most of our visitors are equally intrigued. Some of them are familiar to you: Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat and Saskatoon, for instance; all in Saskatchewan. In New Brunswick, school children chant (with more good humor than poetry) of "Little L'Etete and Big L'Etang, Passamaquoddy and Grand Manan." They're islands. Beautiful islands, too, where the seafood is as memorable as the seascapes.

Come see, come listen, won't you? Send a postcard from Banff, telling of your golf, swimming, fishing, riding. Drop a note from Flin Flon about the Trout Festival, or from Rivière du Loup, not far from storied Quebec City. Send one from Stratford (Ontario) for that matter, or from Brooklyn (Nova Scotia).



Wherever you go in Canada, and whatever the name of your holiday haven, you'll find ingredients of an unforgettable vacation. Here are summer festivals and events, outdoor living amid spectacular beauty, cities and small towns as friendly as their names. May we look forward to seeing you in Leading Tickles or Chimney Tickle . . . in Heart's Content? Write for a full-color preview of a holiday in Canada, where names, if they don't make news, make memories. The Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada.

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Saturday Review

APRIL 1, 1961

IS WAR

"We not only expect war but we are at war."

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

YES. WAR HAS become a dirty word in our times; therefore we use the word defense. We no longer have a Secretary of War in the Cabinet as we did from 1789 to 1947; we have a Secretary of Defense. We do not call it a War Council; we call it a National Security Council. The budget of about $45 billion a year is not for war; it is for defense, although it is only a fraction of what is spent for war. We manufacture missiles not to destroy an enemy but for scientific research!

If Aesopian terminology fools anyone, the fool is he who accepts what is false as the truth. For what is true is that we not only expect war but that we are at war and have been at war since about 1948 and that this war has cost the United States at least $517 billion. We do not recognize the present war as such because ground troops are only deployed but do not engage in battle, except occasionally, as when they are involved in a United Nations police action like that in Korea; the Navy moves, as it did in the Suez situation or as it does today in the Caribbean, but does not shoot; the Air Force is constantly in the air performing military tasks, but there is only sporadic shooting, as when the Russians brought down the U-2.

The present war is not easily identifiable because new tactics, new logistics, new weapons are employed. The sides are lined up and are in action, but the action is unorthodox, unusual, and often bizarre.

Let us define a few terms:

What is war?

The classic definition of Von Clausewitz, usually accepted by military men and wholly adopted by the Russians, is:

War is an effort by one side ". . . by physical force to compel the other to do his will; his immediate object is to overthrow his adversary and thereby make him incapable of any further resistance."

War then being "an act of force to compel our adversary to do our will," the question arises as to what is force. At a certain stage of civilization it was the shooting of an arrow from a bow; in our era it can be the stockpiling of total-annihilation weapons; it can be the utilization of gold reserves to smash the entire economy of a country, thus reducing its people to slavery; it can be the reduction of a people to impotence by brainwashing, by narcotizing, by corruption.

For what is the objective of war? It is to disarm the enemy, to reduce him to impotence, to destroy the will to resist. Does it matter what means are used, so long as the end is reached? War is an immoral exercise and there are no degrees of immorality. War being an act of force, there can be no limit to force or to the ingenuity of the enemy or to the weapons that are used. Von Clausewitz says: ". . . So long as I have not overthrown my adversary I must fear that he may overthrow me. I am no longer my own master, but he forces my hand as I force his. . . ."

This is precisely what in these days of Aesopean language we call the Cold War. But there is no essential difference between one kind of war and another except in the means that are employed. The result must be the same.

IN 1945, the United States discovered that it had fought the wrong enemy; that the essential enemy of the United States was Soviet Russia because the Russian war motif was the conquest of the whole of humanity to the Marxist-Leninist concept of secular dialectical materialism within a politico-economic frame of state-owned production, distribution, and exchange. Erroneously, the United States, during the Roosevelt Administration, assisted Soviet Russia to attain its goals. It was politically unsound for the Roosevelt Administration and for the Truman Administration to admit their errors. The Marshall Plan was the first effort to find a palliative; it, and subsequent other aid plans, served Western Europe and Japan admirably, but the export of dollars and gold from the United States so imperiled the economy of the United States that by 1960 its gold reserve (excluding earmarked deposits) was gone and Great Britain and West Germany had to come to the defense of the American dollar at the moment that Soviet Russia was announcing a gold ruble valued at $1.11 to the dollar.

Meanwhile, territorially the Soviet Union made advances by new techniques. Some sixteen countries became part of the Kremlin empire; Red China was extending its territorial possessions to the Chien Line, which runs from Turkestan through Tibet to the Bay of Bengal. While Red China moves more slowly than Soviet Russia did between 1939 and 1949, its progress has been enormous and has pro-

(Continued on page 36)

George E. Sokolsky, author and journalist, writes a widely syndicated newspaper column on public affairs.

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NEVITABLE?

"Let's not talk our way into race suicide."

By NORMAN COUSINS

NO. WAR IS NOT inevitable. It is possible; it may even be probable; but it need not be inevitable. The essential question before the world is not whether we are doomed by historical forces but whether human intelligence is equal to the requirements of human survival.

Much evidence, I agree, abounds on the other side of this debate. The fact that all previous arms races have ended in major war; the fact that the struggle to achieve a balance of power has never worked in circumstances where two nations were of approximately equal strength; the fact that no adequate authority over aggressive nations exists today; the fact that the present international rivalries are intensified and accelerated by an ideological struggle; the fact of profound distrust between nations possessing obliterative power; the fact that each side is becoming increasingly jittery over the surprise-attack capabilities of the other; the fact that dangerous complexities tend to create a stage for violent simplicities—all these make the present moment in human history totally tentative and precarious.

No one knows how small or large is the area between safety and inevitability. Our problem is to keep the former from shrinking, investing ourselves in a complete effort to make our prospects at least as substantial as our peril. If we can draw even, we can take a long breath and go on from there.

It becomes necessary, then, to consider what can be done to reduce the danger and strengthen the prospects.

The first need is to recognize that the present problem is not confined to the historical or ideological or political or economic. In substantial part it is psychological. War becomes inevitable if we believe it to be inevitable. We can talk our way into race suicide. Once the idea of inevitability is accepted by one side or the other, it is only a matter of time before the nuclear firestorms begin.

Believing there is no way of avoiding nuclear war, and knowing how efficient are the means of surprise attack, a nation finds itself propelled powerfully in the direction of hitting first. The preventive war argument, indeed, has openly been advanced by highly placed military people before Congressional committees.

Related to this is the danger that the very measures taken to guard against surprise attack may in themselves increase the likelihood of war. For example, the United States for some time has been uneasy about the fact of possible Soviet supremacy in the field of intercontinental ballistic missiles. The U. S. has also been mindful of the fact that Russian submarines with launching platforms for nuclear-tipped missiles bring every major American city within destructive range. Both these factors have gone into the decision to keep hundreds of American jet planes fully loaded with thermonuclear bombs in the air at all times, not far in time from the perimeter of the Soviet Union.

An accident or a miscalculation or a mistaken reading on a radar screen could lead to war. Even though the probability of such an accident or miscalculation may be slight, each side is aware of the dangerously extreme measures taken by the other side in pursuit of every military advantage. Each side is aware, too, of the possibility that surprise attack could come about through error. This leads to the acceptance, however reluctant, of the idea of preventive war.

It will be said that the danger of war will not be decreased by mental gymnastics, and that a refusal to believe that war is inevitable will not dispose of the basic conditions that make for war. True. But it is also true that people can make blind assumptions about inevitability, neglecting those things within their reach that might improve whatever real chances they have for peace. It may be that an almost superhuman effort is required to change those conditions that now give force and momentum to the possibility of a devastating nuclear war. Even so, not until we make such an effort will we be justified in bowing low before inevitability.

CAN the basic conditions that now make for war be changed? If so, how?

The first condition obviously concerns the confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union. All the historical evidence would seem to point in the direction of a showdown between the two. Can this be averted, at least on the nuclear battlefield?

How do we get the Soviet Union to agree to enforceable control over nuclear weapons—not just the testing of the weapons but the manufacture and even elimination of existing weapons? How do we get the Soviet to agree to the measures necessary to do away with world anarchy? How do we get the Soviet to agree to the conversion of the United Nations into a world authority with adequate powers—powers reaching down to the individual in those matters concerned

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with the common security of the world's peoples?

There are yet other questions. Isn't world Communism bent on world conquest? If so, isn't it only a matter of time before this ideological drive leads to a major war? Revolutions have a way of throwing out dangerous sparks. The spread of Communist ideologies to Africa and Latin America is certain to raise grave security questions for the United States, Great Britain, and France. The world balance-of-power contest involves not just bombs and missiles and troops but economic and political change in the world.

Questions such as these are asked not solely by those who are strongly opposed to anything involving the Soviet Union in particular and world Communism in general. They are asked by many people who accept the need to explore agreements with the Soviet Union but who are nonetheless pessimistic about the prospects that such agreements can be reached or will work even if reached. They are willing to try; but they entertain no solid hopes for success.

These questions, and the problems they pose, must be considered on two different levels. One is the ideological level, in which the actions of the Soviet Union are related to her Marxist role in world affairs as the Soviet leaders interpret it. The other is the national level, in which the actions of the Soviet Union are dictated by the traditional characteristics of national fears and ambitions.

Each of these levels has its own set of requirements. Each calls for specific policies. Sometimes the policies on the national level are in conflict with those on the ideological one. Sometimes they are in complete accord. Generally, they interact. But always, they are separate in their origins.

Begin with the Soviet Union as an ideology.

THE first fact that has to be considered is that the history of the Soviet Union since its revolution has seen many major changes. Far from being rigid in its basic positions, the Soviet has made not just tactical shifts in its position but fundamental alterations in ideology and policy. Very early in its history, for example, Lenin interpreted Marx in a way that was to change profoundly the direction of the Soviet Union. He declared that it was incorrect to believe—as many Marxist scholars had believed—that it was essential to have a world socialist revolution before socialism could succeed in any one country.

A series of other profound changes in the Soviet Union occurred after the death of Josef Stalin. With each shift in the top command, ideological and political changes of varying degrees of importance took place.

One of the most fundamental of these changes occurred in the early period of Nikita Khrushchev's Chairmanship of the Communist Party. Karl Marx believed that war was inherent in the nature of capitalism. He saw in *laissez-faire* economics a cycle that led to war. The industrial establishment would have to produce to make profits. In the absence of controls over production, the race for profits would lead to overproduction. The men who toiled at the machines would receive wages too low to permit them to buy the things they produced. This would lead to a struggle for control of overseas markets and for imperialistic supremacy. This would create a need for the production of war goods. The economy would become increasingly dependent on armaments as a means of keeping it in full operation. The combination of struggle for world markets and the militarism that went along with the armament race would lead to war by accident or design.

Reinterpreting Karl Marx, Mr. Khrushchev declared it was possible to seek and achieve peaceful relations with capitalist nations. It was not necessarily true, according to the new interpretation, that war was inherent in the nature of capitalism. Karl Marx, Mr. Khrushchev declared, had no way of anticipating the great changes that were to take place in the twentieth century. He could not foresee the nature of new weapons. Moreover, there were powerful new developments inside the capitalist nations that were unanticipated.

THIS change in ideology may have been related to the need to forestall or prevent a war with the West, both in view of the annihilating character of the new weapons and the emergence of another powerful Communist nation with which the long-term *national* interests of the Soviet Union might be in conflict. This latter fact was not foreseen by Marx.

Czarist Russia was never comfortable about large population masses on its borders, especially in Asia. In the nineteenth century and early twentieth century, Russia made several attempts to dominate the Asian complex. What it feared was that its lands might become the spillway for the surplus population of Asia in general and China in particular. It looked ahead and foresaw a situation in which China, whatever the complexion of its government or political philosophy, would become expansionist because of the sheer massed weight of numbers.

If the fact of population pressure

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The Oversensitive Sergeant

By Granville Hicks

JACKSON BURGESS'S first novel, "Pillar of Cloud," was a serious Western, a conscientious attempt to get away from clichés and myths and to show the complexities and the mixed motives of the pioneers. The central character was a man who, because of previous failures, was determined to behave like a hero, and the story told of the harm he did to himself and to others.

"The Atrocity" (Putnam, $3.95) is a contemporary novel, but it is like its predecessor in its concern with the discrepancy between men's intentions and the results of their actions. Here the central character is a man of good will who is confronted with evil and tries to do something about it. What actually happens as a result of his decision is very different from what he wanted to achieve.

The novel is laid in Italy soon after the end of the war in Europe, and the characters are members of a company that is in charge of a large ammunition dump. Demoralization has progressed rapidly, and the men are in bad shape: "Petty, mindless violence ruled their days, and squalid cruelties. There was a lot of numb drunkenness, soggy and stuporous, without spirit or exhilaration. Thievery was unending. The men stole from each other, from the Italians, from the Army." The officers, preoccupied with their own ambitions, ignore as far as possible what is going on.

The great exception to the demoralization is the first sergeant, Robbie Merrill. He does his job efficiently but unobtrusively, and almost everyone likes him. He is a calm person, and he has a reputation for knowing enough, as he puts it, to stay in the shade. However, calmness does not mean indifference. "He had kindness like a disease," Burgess tells us, "and a bottomless belief in other people's feelings." He is, in short, a man of good will.

The atrocity is what destroys Robbie's calm. One of the prostitutes who hang around the installation is so beaten that she has a miscarriage. When this girl, Minna, recovers enough to tell her story, it appears that she had agreed to have sexual relations with some of the men for cigarettes, that afterward they had taken the cigarettes away from her, and that when she protested they had nearly killed her.

To Robbie this is not only an outrage in itself but a demonstration of the depravity into which the company has fallen, and he is compelled to do something about it. He gets no support from the captain, who wants to hush the matter up in order to avoid trouble with his superiors. He gets no help from Minna herself, who, out of fear, refuses to give him any information about her assailants. Yet he will not give up.

His obstinacy leads him into conflict with the officers and rapidly makes him unpopular with the men. He quarrels with the man with whom he shares a tent, Master Sergeant Joe Gatto. Joe is tough and a troublemaker, but he does his job well, and he and Robbie have been on friendly terms. Robbie suspects that Joe knows a good deal about the atrocity, but Joe merely laughs at Robbie's attempts to identify the guilty soldiers, and they part company. Robbie also has trouble with O'Meara, a devout and self-righteous Catholic, who takes the line that Minna got what she deserved as an immoral woman.

Robbie begins to be bewildered by the complexity of his own emotions. To an officer who will at least listen though he will not act he says: "I used to kind of take it easy and try to stay in the shade and not give a damn. But then I began to get where I just couldn't stand having so much misery around me all the time—the troops rotten and the damned whores always so damned pitiful, and the kids hungry and wild, and beggars all around. I really got to where I couldn't stand it. Now, I don't know." The officer tells him that he is too compassionate, and he replies. "No. I thought I was sorry for them, and I guess I ought to be, but instead I'm getting to hate them. Every one."

It is in this ambivalent mood that he goes to see Minna, who lives with her blind grandmother. From now on his relationship with Minna is central. She, of course, is incapable of understanding him, but she is grateful for his interest in her, and eventually she rewards this interest in the only way she can imagine, by taking him to bed with her. He persists in questioning her about the atrocity, which she wants to forget, and at last she tells the story fully enough so that he can identify the man who beat her. But when she realizes that he has not been interested in her, but only in abstract principle, she is enraged, and her fury precipitates the novel's climax.

The nature of moral responsibility is one of the principal themes of contemporary literature. As a rule authors deal with characters who have failed to recognize their responsibilities and are thereafter tortured by guilt, as is the hero of Albert Camus's "The Fall." Jackson Burgess's Robbie Merrill, however, cannot be reproached on that ground. He is not insensitive to the poverty of the Italian people and the demoralization of the American Army, and when a specific evil comes before his eyes, he acts. Yet everything turns out badly. Not only does he add to the demoralization of his company; he hurts the person he wants to help.

Certainly Robbie is more admirable than Joe Gatto, who dismisses the atrocity as "what can happen," "what a guy can do." He is more admirable than the priggish O'Meara, than the buck-passing captain. Moreover, he does not behave like a fanatic; each step he takes is reasonable. Why, then, do his efforts turn out so badly?

Burgess seems to be suggesting that it is because Robbie is unable to give himself to anyone. At one point he reflects that he was never close to his family and has had no real friends in the Army. Certainly he fails to give himself to Minna, and she knows and resents this. Burgess is perhaps saying that good will is not enough, that it must be accompanied by love to be effective.

IF I am not sure of Burgess's intentions, it is because the character of Robbie is never quite clear to me. Burgess tells us a good deal about him in the course of the novel, offering rather more in the way of interpretation and comment than it is now fashionable to offer, but he never seems to say the thing that will bring Robbie to life. The trouble is not that the first sergeant is inconsistent; everyone is; the trouble is that we don't see what holds the inconsistencies together. I don't mean that we don't know Robbie at all; if that were true, the book would be an abject failure, which it isn't. But at crucial moments we don't know him as well as we need to to grasp fully what Burgess is trying to do. Somewhere along the line he escapes us, and I think he has escaped Burgess too.

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The Greek "Word" Was Different

On December 18, 1948, a Joint Committee representing Protestant Churches in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the National Bible Society in Scotland met to start work on the first complete retranslation since 1611 of the New Testament from the original Greek. Under the general direction of C. H. Dodd, Congregationalist minister from Oxford, the first portion of ***The New English Bible*** *(Oxford and Cambridge University Presses. 447 pp. $4.95) was ready for the panel of literary advisers ten years later. Still to be retranslated are the Old Testament and Apocrypha. That they will provoke dispute is evident from the examination below by F. L. Lucas, whose latest book is "The Greatest Problem and Other Essays." Related titles considered here are* ***"Translating the Bible," by Frederick C. Grant*** *(Seabury. 164 pp. $4.75), and* ***"The English Bible: A History of Translations," by F. F. Bruce*** *(Oxford. 230 pp. $3.75).*

By F. L. Lucas

DURING 1959, it appears, the most translated author on earth was Mr. Khrushchev. Publications of his works in other tongues numbered 180. Next came that other semidivine being, Lenin, with 174; third, the Bible with 171; followed by Tolstoy (130), Jules Verne (124), Dostoevsky (114). Hard to compete with these Russians! But not only is the Bible still ceaselessly translated (there have been over thirty "private versions" since the Revised of 1881-85); these translations also arouse tempestuous passions. Indeed, according to F. F. Bruce, one American preacher is said to have roasted a copy of the Revised Standard Version in his pulpit with a blowlamp, grimly observing to his watching flock that, like the Devil, it was hard to burn.

Blowlamps, however, are not very illuminating—they generate more heat than light. It seems fairer to give first some specimens from this new version of the Bible for each reader to judge by himself. Then, when he has been duly fired with delight or disgust, rage or rapture, a little discussion of general views may seem less soporific. Here, then, are some typical passages from the New English Bible (NEB), compared, where necessary, with King James's Bible of 1611 (KJB), or the American Revised Standard Version of 1946-52 (RSV). I should add that religious or doctrinal aspects are beyond my competence; I can only discuss the book as a job of translation.

—From "The Learned Men."

(L. to r.) King James, who ordered the 1611 translation of the Bible; Thomas Ravis; John Rainolds, and Richard Bancrofts who, among others, translated it.

NEB: "*Consider how the lilies* grow *in the fields* . . . and yet, I tell you, even Solomon in all his *splendour* was not *attired* like one of these." KJB: "*Consider the lilies of the field, how* they grow . . . And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his *glory* was not arrayed like one of these." (RSV is here almost identical with KJB.)

NEB: "Do not *feed your pearls to pigs:* they *will only* trample on them, and turn and *tear you to pieces.*" KJB: *Neither cast ye your pearls* before *swine, lest* they trample them under their feet, and turn again and *rend you.*" RSV: "Do not *throw* your pearls before *swine, lest* they trample them underfoot and turn to *attack you.*"

It at once becomes clear that the new Bible departs much further from King James's than did the Revised Standard. It also departs further from the literal Greek. Going further, in my opinion, it fares worse; and gains nothing whatever. "Consider the lilies, how . . . " is (1) nearer the Greek; (2) more vivid; (3) more parallel with "Look at the birds." Why "grow *in* the fields"? Where else would they grow? In pots? The Greek says "lilies *of* the field." Why change "his glory" to "his splendour"? It is no more accurate; and "his splendour" hisses, with its double "s." Why "feed" pearls, when the Greek says "cast" or "throw"? Why change "swine" to "pigs"? "They *will only* trample" is a mistranslation. KJB and RSV were right. The Greek means "*for fear they should* trample." It is a risk;

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not a certainty. Pigs too have caprices. They might just run away. Why change "rend" to "tear to pieces," when "rend" is right, and the other is not? One could multiply for hours such instances of apparently wanton alteration, often for the worse. One hesitates to criticize the work of a whole bevy of bishops, a whole posse of professors. But I am dismayed.

Try again. NEB: "You are salt *to the world* . . . You are light *for all the world.*" RSV: "You are *the* salt *of the earth* . . . You are the light of the world." This last is absolutely literal. The Greek says "of," not "to" or "for." "Salt of the earth" has become part of the English language. Why say "world" twice over, when the Greek is at pains to avoid this "vain repetition" by using "earth" in the first phrase, "world" in the second? Why say "*all* the world" when the Greek says simply "the world"? These tamperings add no accuracy, no clarity, no beauty—much the reverse. They seem to me what Johnson called "the fury of innovation." NEB: "Anyone who *nurses anger* against his brother *must be* brought to judgment." RSV: "Every one who *is angry* with his brother *shall be liable* to judgment." "Must" seems to me wrong—it sounds like a police chief briefing his constables. The Greek says, like RSV, "be liable to."

Again, in NEB the Prodigal Son begins "to feel the pinch," where RSV quite simply, and rightly, renders "to be in want." Why try to enliven the passage with this dull, dead metaphor? There is not even its ghost in the Greek. In NEB the Prodigal's brother talks of his running through money "with his women." The Greek says bluntly "harlots." The difference is surely obvious. "His women" need not imply harlots; and harlots might have ill deserved to be called "*his* women." Obviously I am a pedant. But I believe that translators should be careful about nuances, and not blur shades of meaning.

Turn to Dives and Lazarus. The new version says Lazarus "*would have been* glad" to eat the rich man's scraps; implying that he was not allowed to. The Greek states only that he wanted to eat them; there is nothing to suggest that he was prevented. Why libel poor Dives, on no evidence? The new version makes Abraham say to Dives in Hell that in life he had "*all* the good things," and Lazarus "*all* the bad." "What!" one wonders; "was *no* blessing whatsoever missed by Dives, *no* misery in the world spared to Lazarus?" Look at the Greek, or KJB or RSV. Neither of these absurd "all"s is there. The Greek says: ". . . in life you had *your* good things; Lazarus, the bad." Which makes sense.

Like an inverted Balaam, I came hoping to bless, and have so far been compelled to curse. It is a relief, therefore, to reach the difficult first five verses of St. John and find a rendering (too long to quote) that, though rather audaciously free, seems unusually readable and clear. But, as one searches on, the fog redescends; though not quite so dismally as in the Gospels. St. Paul tells the Athenians: ". . . in everything *that concerns religion* you are uncommonly scrupulous." "That concerns religion" is slipped in here by the translators. But the real meaning seems: "*In all matters* you are particularly in awe of the divine." (For instance, Athens once lost a whole army through superstition about lunar eclipses.) To the Corinthians St. Paul wrote the famous phrase: "Death is swallowed up in victory." So the Greek. But this now becomes: "Death is swallowed up; victory is won!" Why? St. Paul wrote: "But *some man will say*, 'How are the dead raised?' . . . *Fool!* . . ." (In the Greek, one word likewise—"*Aphron!*") Yet this now becomes: "But, *you may ask*, how are the dead raised? . . . A *senseless question!*" No doubt, politer. But how curious thus to emend, and emasculate, the Apostle's manners!

These are only a handful of the possible examples. I have tried to deal with facts rather than style, truth rather than beauty. For about truth one can argue; about beauty one cannot. But, for style, here is one instance: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you *rest*." A faithful, faultless rendering of the Greek. This is now improved to "Come to me, all whose work is hard, whose load is heavy; and I will give you *relief*." It ruins that beauty of rhythm which has helped the memories of generations, and kept the Bible running in their heads. And why "relief"? It is not one tittle more correct—in my view, less correct. (Elsewhere the translators render this same Greek word themselves as "rest.") "Relief"! A term associated with things like "outdoor relief," and the "instant relief" promised by patent medicines. In prosaic prose, a useful drudge of a word; but here?

Conceivably, of course, *some* of these alterations (such as "you are salt to the world") *might* be based on textual changes in the Greek; which *might* be right. But, if so, why not give a few explanatory examples in the introduction? As it is, one suspects, rather, the same sort of insensitiveness as made the Rev. Moffatt alter Job's "Why died I not from the womb?" into "Why was I not buried like an abortion?"

THIS problem of modernized Bibles is discussed by both Frederick C. Grant and Professor Bruce. Both their books serve as introductions to the New English Bible; both give histories of Biblical translation; both seem admirably honest, straightforward, and readable. Professor Grant's briefer work may perhaps better suit the less learned reader; not that Professor Bruce is in the least difficult—just more detailed. Only at the end did he leave me stupefied, by suggesting that "cherubim" be in future replaced by "griffins" or, still better, "sphinxes"! Eden guarded by sphinxes, with all their utterly incongruous associations—riddles, man-eating, King Oedipus! What is wrong with "cherubim," which have been English since Wycliffe? Untranslatable terms should *not* be translated. As well turn "Pharisee" into "puritan." "Sphinx" itself, for that matter, is an equally alien word, naturalized in English. Let Pharisees remain "Pharisees," and cherubim "cherubim."

But both professors seem overoptimistic about modernized Scriptures. By all means let those who want them

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DETECTIVES SECOND GRADE

Many detective novelists are associated with one specific detective character. Some, however, have produced successful *secondary* sleuths, who have gone their merry way in their own series of novels. Below are listed ten such "number two" detectives. Donald A. Yates of East Lansing, Michigan, asks you to identify their creators. Answers on page 35.

1. Doug Selby
2. Tecumseh Fox
3. Jane Marple
4. Henri Bencolin
5. Inspector Gideon
6. Drury Lane
7. Leonidas Witherall
8. Colonel Primrose
9. The Continental Op
10. Joshua Clunk

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have them. But we shall not make our age less barbarous by letting them crowd out King James's Bible, or the Revised Standard Version. Even this last contains grossly misleading errors. But they can be corrected. No need to pull down a great building for a few cracked tiles. Unfortunately, most revisers—like those of 1881-85—revise far too much, and often as if they had ten thumbs. We are told that the Bible has become unfamiliar, because men will not read old language; that it has become meaningless, because the old wording is too familiar. (Wonderful how the same thing is both too unfamiliar and too familiar. But no matter.) We are told the modern Bible should make the same impression on modern readers as the original did on its original audiences. But how? We know too little about them—they were too different from ourselves, too lost in the mists of time. The danger with modernizers is that they can become crude, uncouth, too much at ease in Sion. Too often it is as if they were officiating in Westminster Abbey in shirtsleeves; as if they were brightening Shakespeare's "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?" into "Aren't you a psychiatrist?" That kind of familiarity, too, can breed contempt.

The New English Bible avoids the worst of such modernizing excesses, but not all. Often it seems to me to alter wantonly, and for the worse—to exchange dignity, or beauty, for a banal breeziness—to stagger into wordiness, imprecision, or downright untruth. At moments it made me remember that great man William Morris striding through some "restored" English church and growling "Beasts! Pigs! Damn their souls!" That, however, would be unfair to the sincere men who have toiled thirteen years on this work, and to the admirable designing of the book by the university presses of my mother Cambridge and my aunt Oxford. It is unfortunate to have had to say what I have. But it would, I feel, be far more unfortunate if this version came into general, public use.

Faith and Scholarship

"Science Ponders Religion," edited by Harlow Shapley *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 308 pp. $5), and* ***"Darwin's Vision and Christian Perspectives," edited by Walter J. Ong, S.J.*** *(Macmillan. 154 pp. $4), are made up of essays in which certain aspects of scientific theory and practice are examined for the bearing they might have upon the aspirations and needs of the spiritual life. Paul L. Holmer is a professor at Yale University's Divinity School.*

By Paul L. Holmer

THE COLLECTION edited by Professor Harlow Shapley of Harvard University gives us a variety of scientists, most of whom propose a radical revision of religious teaching and understanding on erstwhile scientific grounds; in contrast, Walter Ong's volume, presenting a philosopher, a theologian, an embryologist, a historian, and a professor of English (the editor), is more modest and makes few proposals for the future of the religious life. Its aim is the clear-cut, scholarly one of discerning the several kinds of differences that an encompassing idea like Darwin's made to philosophers, to theologians, to biologists, to American society and its students, and even to those intelligentsia, literati, and historians who are trying to grasp by concepts the flow of life about them.

"Science Ponders Religion" is a wellnigh fantastic book. It seems to me to be one more of those unfortunate works that will only encourage already pervasive anti-intellectual and antiscientific sentiments among Americans. Without apology and with a most brash manner this group of practised scholars and researchers, most of them well known, offer hypotheses, theories, conjectures, and admonitions—supposedly born of science—as means of ordering man's inward and personal life. Unfortunately, this medley has little that is scientific about it and seems to be as loosely conjectural as one can be and still remain coherent.

However, learned men are entitled to generalize a bit if they so choose. Also, it is certainly proper that knowledgeable men should try to picture from a variety of sources the end that fixes the direction taken by the progress of the race. Therefore, my criticism does not stem from a desire either to restrict generalization or to confine a scholar's speech to a mere recital of the facts.

But there is another kind of speculation permeating this book. Mr. Shapley "ventures" on scientific grounds that the first line of the Gospel of St. John, "In the beginning was the word," ought now to be understood as "the word was hydrogen gas." This essay, a trumpeting prelude called "Stars, Ethics, and Survival," is a marvel of highly concentrated confusion. Even so it has competition. Dr. Hudson Hoaglund (whom many readers know for excellent work and writing in precise scientific areas) laments the present hiatus between science and religion, while Professor Kirtley F. Mather insists that at least there is none between "Creation and Evolution." Ralph W. Burhoe tells us "that religion must also be scientific" and that science provides a new testament about man and his destiny. Professor R. W. Gerard, a neurophysiologist, suggests that the knowledge of how the brain works is going to entail "the austerity of a rational religion." Professor Henry Margenau tells us that science is not really soulless, not if one agrees that a man's religion can be made to depend upon a theology so constructed that it can be subjected to the "circuits of empirical verification."

Mr. Shapley and most of the other essayists would have us believe that religion is or ought to be a matter of scholarship, dependent upon trained authorities and technical competencies. But this is a downright mistake. There is, of course, technical scholarship about religious matters. However, religious reflection by which a man refers himself to God supposes a different logical order from that supposed by scientific explanations. Neither the fact of tempo-

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 923

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 923 will be found in the next issue.

PA RCAC CLBLFCLFDC BC
B GQRKNAK HBK RCAC
MBHTTSCLC – ESQ CRTTSQL
QBLPAQ LPBK
FMMRHFKBLFSK.
MBKX.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 922

Tact consists in knowing how far to go too far. —J. COCTEAU.

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rary or permanent gaps in scientific explanations nor the suggestive features of a specific explanatory theory has anything relevant to contribute to a religious interest.

This book perpetuates the dubious practice of anxiously scanning the scientific horizon for proof or disproof, sanction or veto, of ethical and religious attitudes. It does disservice thereby to both science and religion. A religious man is dedicated to the reintegration of his own personality, and religious testimony indicates that the forgiveness of sin and the hungering and thirsting after righteousness are more needful to him than bread, water, and learning. Much of "Science Ponders Religion" suffers under the disability of taking its start from a misunderstanding of that which it proposes to revivify and to explain. It confuses matters by the belief that progress in learning means replacing religious ideas by scientific ones. Nor does it clarify matters to aver that science and religion are only different languages expressive of the same reality. Instead, is it not the case that the experiences from which science and religion grow and the words they occasion in us stem from different needs and are to be described by different principles?

Several of the essays in this book look in the direction of more sophistication and discernment. They are at once less hectic and much more analytic and detached. Among these are Professor Ian Barbour's remarks about respective methods in science and religion, which certainly would repay amplification and critical study, and Professor John C. Greene's "Darwin and Religion," which is almost as admirable for its restraint as it is for its discernment.

The other volume, "Darwin's Vision and Christian Perspectives," is a modest contribution to intellectual history. It is, by and large, measured and circumspect; not, I think, because of its Roman Catholic origins, but rather because each author is conscious of the limits and rules appropriate to respective disciplines. Professor Ong's essay on "Evolution and Cyclicism in Our Time" is an exceedingly penetrating and fresh way to get at some concepts that are rather jaded by long use. With varying success the other essayists add materially to our knowledge of Darwinian ideas and how they have effected a variety of changes in reflective expression.

It is perhaps not amiss to say that both these books are testimony to the fact that the quantity of reflection upon religious concerns has enormously increased. But it does not follow that the quality of our thought has thereby benefited in an equal degree.

Across a Crowded World

"Beyond the Reach of Sense: An Inquiry into Extra-Sensory Perception," by Rosalind Heywood, *with an introduction by Dr. J. B. Rhine (Dutton. 181 pp. $3.95), reports on the scientific investigation of apparently supernatural phenomena. S. Ralph Harlow, professor emeritus of religion at Smith College, wrote "A Life After Death."*

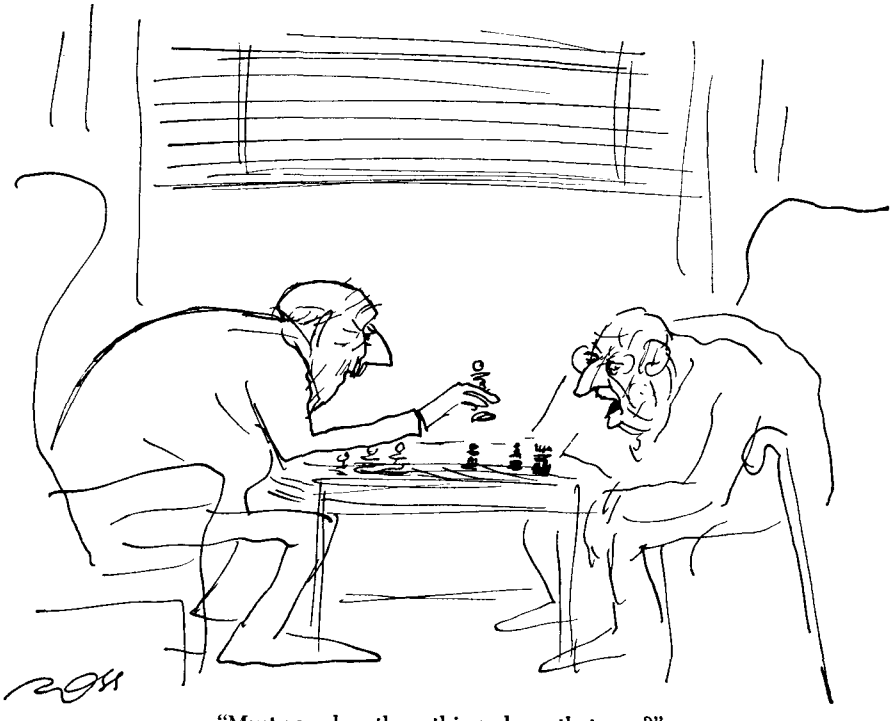
By S. Ralph Harlow

WHEN Alice said to the Queen, "You can't believe *that*, it's *impossible*," the Queen replied, "Oh, yes, you can if you shut your eyes tight enough; I've believed ten impossible things before breakfast." This is exactly what some readers will think of this book or of any book dealing with the paranormal. Rosalind Heywood quotes one such skeptic: "No 1,000 experiments with ten million trials and by 100 separate investigators giving total odds against chance at a million to one, could make me accept ESP." This from a "leading scientist." It reminds me of a fundamentalist who said to me, "Though a hundred scientists were to affirm that evolution is so I would not believe them, for it is contrary to the Bible."

Mrs. Heywood does not ask us to close our eyes as the Queen suggests, but rather to open them, to take in what Dr. Raynor Johnson calls the "Imprisoned Splendor." Her book is a serious and scholarly interpretation of extra-sensory perception, and includes a history of this field through the ages and an account of the founding and activities of the British Society for Psychical Research.

As Mrs. Heywood points out, countless pioneers have suffered ridicule and calumny because they struggled with the pain of new ideas that challenged the accepted science, philosophy, or theology of their day. "Never" has become an obsolete word in our space age. Yet, while we are daring in our exploration of the mechanistic world and even reach out to other worlds beyond us, we remain timid and negative when it comes to the inner world of the mind, of ideas and meanings, of eternal values. The increasing number of voices raised in intelligent defense of a study of psychical research urges us

(*Continued on page* 34)



"Must you slam those things down that way?"

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FICTION

Ambassadorial Antics

"Don't Tell Alfred," by Nancy Mitford *(Harper. 247 pp. $3.95), installs the Winchams of earlier novels in the British Embassy at Paris, with riotous effects on international diplomacy. Aileen Pippett is a frequent critic of English fiction.*

By Aileen Pippett

THE LAST word in literary fashion is the anti-novel, but Miss Mitford, an acknowledged authority on what is correct in the best society, shows no signs of approving the vogue for objectivity and abstraction. "Don't Tell Alfred" is subjective, being narrated in the first person singular by a woman of distinct personality with a range of knowledge similar to the author's; the setting, London or Paris, is definite; the characters, though odd, are recognizably human and much as they were, older but not appreciably wiser, when they made their dotty, rapturously received debut in "The Pursuit of Love," "Love in a Cold Climate," and "The Blessing." Here is no awkward anti-novel but a sprightly antic novel, a sort of charade. To use a doubtfully "U" and probably outmoded expression, it is a perfect scream.

The startling appointment of Fannie Wincham's husband Alfred, that admirable Oxford don, as British Ambassador in Paris provides ample opportunities for witty comments on French manners and international affairs, but the boobytraps of diplomacy that Alfred has to avoid are simple compared to the crises in Fannie's official life.

A too, too fascinating ex-Ambassadress is no sooner disposed of (but don't tell Alfred how, for he certainly wouldn't approve) than another female menace arrives, the ravishing young Northey hired as Fannie's social secretary, who is so irresistible to elderly statesmen and so preoccupied with rescuing unlikely animals that she never has time to do a stroke of work.

—*Jerry Bauer.*

Nancy Mitford—"quite a lot of incidental sense."

Even more impossible to cope with are Fannie's children. The eldest, David, scorns a Foreign Office career in favor of Zen Buddhism and turns up at an important dinner with a beard, bare feet, a bride, and a Chinese baby. Next comes Basil ("Old Baz" to his Teddy-boy friends), who can't be bothered about a university education,

THE AUTHOR: Nancy Mitford, the high priestess of "U," is the last person one might expect to be an authority on Teddy boys. Yet Basil, the central character of "Don't Tell Alfred," is the Teddy-boy son of a fictional British Ambassador in Paris. In preparation for the novel Miss Mitford did almost as thorough a job of research into the world of Teddys as she had a few years back into the eighteenth century for "Voltaire in Love."

"I wrote to my friends in London to send me all the books that they had on Teddy boys," she said. "I was especially impressed by Colin MacGinnis's 'Absolute Beginners.'"

Miss Mitford concedes Basil is based upon one of her acquaintances, but she is reluctant to reveal which one.

"This friend," she said, "spoke a rather odd mixture of cockney and 'underground' American slang, which I imagine he must have picked up from the cinema. The Teddys seem to understand one another, but I always have to ask for an explanation."

Anyone who has read "Voltaire in Love" knows that Miss Mitford admires the elegance of the eighteenth century. The living room, as well as many of the other rooms of her *maison particulière* in Paris, is entirely furnished with eighteenth-century pieces that she has accumulated through the years. It is no surprise then that what in fact has attracted Miss Mitford is the "elegance" of the Teddy boy.

"I find that Teddy boys have a certain originality in their elegance," she said. "With their leather jackets, tight trousers, and long hair they give a spruced-up effect that is rather nice. They are certainly amusing to watch. Not," she added, "that a well-dressed Englishman isn't very elegant. He is. He is more elegant than a well-dressed Englishwoman; but on the whole, there is a general atmosphere of inelegance in London."

Miss Mitford, who has a basic dislike for the utilitarian in life (such as modern architecture), continued, "A Ted acts without conscience. He tries to get as much money for as little work as possible. He doesn't really affect society until he commits a crime. A Ted is in fact a useless being. Perhaps that is also why he interested me."

Would Voltaire have been a Teddy boy if he were eighteen or nineteen now? "I doubt it. Although he was very naughty when he was young, he was diligent and worked hard. But, then again, he might have been, because Voltaire always liked to be in fashion with trends. All that one can say is that Teds are being more like Voltaire—in their manner of dress, at least."

And what about Teddy *girls*? Miss Mitford looked pensive. "I hadn't thought much about them, but I suppose that Teddy boys must have their 'molls.' And they're probably so much more violent than the boys."

WHY was the British Embassy chosen as a setting? "As I live in Paris," she said, "I have to write about what I know. And I wanted to describe people who have a 'large establishment.' What better establishment than the British Embassy, and that magnificent building which once belonged to Pauline Bonaparte?" Then she said with a smile, "But, to be on the safe side, I gave the proofs to Sir Gladwyn Jebb to read. They passed the test."

Sir Gladwyn has two daughters, Miss Mitford's fictional Ambassador three sons: David, the Zen Buddhist; Basil, the Teddy, and Charlie, the "pop" enthusiast. "Zen Buddhism," she explained, "conflicts with Teddy-ism. A Zen usually wears a beard and worships quietism. The Ted hates beards. This may

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since he has found a profitable outlet for his energies in the travel agency business in partnership with his Grandad, or rather his step-step-step-Grandad, the latest husband (the sixth or perhaps the ninth, the family has lost count) of Fannie's mother, the Bolter.

Most fantastic of all is a trio of refugees from Eton: the youngest son, Charles; his adopted twin, Fabrice (Fannie reminds us how she went to a nursing home to have one baby and came away with two), and their coeval Sigi, that very doubtful Blessing. Rescued from a promising start in juvenile delinquency and escorted by Uncle Matthew in his permanently hired London taxi, these exuberant schoolboys storm the Embassy with a mob of shrieking enthusiasts for the latest American rock 'n' roll idol, and are mistaken by the police and Alfred for political demonstrators.

A book so rich in eccentric characters and farcical situations should be read strictly for enjoyment. Quite a lot of it makes incidental sense, but attempts to take any of it seriously would be worse than waste of time; it would be an error of taste. Go along with it for the laughs, in the comfortable assurance that you will never in these pages be asked to mingle with any but the Best People.

explain why the Teds have never been popular among the younger set in Paris, where many men wear beards." To authenticate the character of David, Miss Mitford also did considerable research on Zen Buddhism. "Among others," she said, "I read a book on Zen called 'Wisdom of the East,' which I found quite silly. One can't take seriously such lines as: 'A sound is made by the clapping of two hands. What is the sound of one hand?' "

Although Miss Mitford admits that she has yet to see Elvis Presley, she has encountered rock 'n' roll. "Prior to the writing," she recalled, "I went one evening to the Finsbury Empire to hear a crooner. The fellow singing into a microphone on stage looked positively ill. Girls all around me were screaming, but I couldn't see why. I just couldn't get very excited."

However, everything considered, Miss Mitford is optimistic for the younger generation. She has even been to St. Tropez, which she finds gay and amusing. She likes Brigitte Bardot. "Young people are all right," she observed. "They have always been high-spirited in every generation. You wouldn't find them interesting any other way."

—Jerry Bauer.

The Bitter Taste of Brilliance

"A Gay and Melancholy Sound," by Merle Miller *(Sloane. 583 pp. $5.95), concerns a former quiz kid who in adulthood finds only frustration, futility, and failure. Hollis Alpert wrote "Some Other Time" and "Summer Lovers."*

By Hollis Alpert

JOSHUA BLAND, the misanthropic hero of Merle Miller's long, readable novel, spends his last eight days on earth with a tape recorder, into which he imparts the chronicle of his unusual life. Granting the improbability that anyone would want to spend that much time in solitary with a tape recorder, and granting the even greater improbability that someone would then come along and transcribe the tapes into book form, Mr. Miller has achieved the almost incredible feat of keeping the reader interested in what amounts to one long whine on the part of a lonely, shook-up man of brilliance who never managed to live up to the promise of his I.Q. The matter of the I.Q. is an important one, so far as Miller's theme is concerned, for Joshua Bland, starting out with a score of 182, then proceeded to roll up a history of frustration and failure.

Just about everything that can go wrong with a modern American of sophistication and intelligence went wrong with Joshua Bland. He was betrayed by and in turn betrayed his family and most of his friends. He fell into an early cynicism, took to drinking, entered into a couple of marriages (one awful and one hopeless), experimented with homosexuality, joined the A.A., did a stretch in a sanatorium, tried several years of analysis, fought and was wounded in World War II, had careers in Hollywood and on Broadway, accidentally wrote a fabulous best-seller, and meanwhile developed an abiding hatred and contempt for the vast number of phonies he encountered throughout his life, including himself.

Miller, one more than suspects, is out to blast complacencies, to bitingly describe the moral shambles that lies behind the façade of American life. A tough task, and one not calculated to give readers any cheer. The author almost makes the result palatable, if only because of his facile way of writing. His irreverence is boundless, made more savage by Bland's almost naïve discovery that the world is not a place filled with integrity. Sometimes Miller's (or Bland's) shafts strike home; more often, however, they remind one of the kind of discoveries made by a Madison Avenue advertising vice president who has suddenly decided to go straight, and bare his tainted breast. They are heavy-handed—and hardly new.

Joshua Bland is reminiscent, too, of a kind of Midwestern Salinger hero. As I remember, Seymour Glass was also a child prodigy, and, like Bland, worked on radio for awhile as a quiz kid. But Seymour's disappointment with things as they are was mellow compared to Joshua's. Joshua had a hateful Midwestern mother, a weakling father, a phony stepfather, a bunch of incompetent, sycophantic teachers, a crass agent a wife with a soul made of shining plastic. He turned sour very early, and sour he remained, except for a brief period during and after World War II when he stupidly assumed that a better world might be in the making.

And, unaccountably, the author seems a little mixed up about Joshua, for, with all his meannesses, he appears to be a liberal at heart, and basically a good, superior guy in search of someone and something to believe in. He finds neither, his self pity is boundless, and after awhile one begins to suspect that the trouble with Joshua is not his environment, but an irritating, inflated ego. Unfortunately, this leaves Merle Miller's novel with a complaint, but hardly a verifiable point. And, it should be added, with a gallery not of people but of caricatures.

Merle Miller—"boundless irreverence."

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To Die Softly

"Wait for the New Grass," by Henry Birne *(St. Martin's Press. 401 pp. $4.95), describes an American veterinarian's encounter with disease, love, and death in Veracruz. Selden Rodman's many books include "Mexican Journal."*

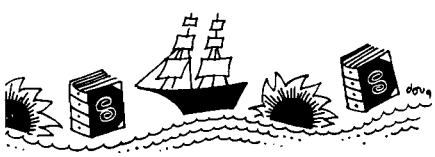
By Selden Rodman

"LAW IS written by polite men," says one of the characters in this remarkable first novel. "Law should be written by a man with a notebook in his hand while he is being kicked." The author, whose "Wait for the New Grass" is drawn from his experience as a veterinarian during the Mexican-American campaign fifteen years ago to stamp out hoof-and-mouth disease, evidently thinks novels should be written the same way. He is angry with the Mexicans for being stupid, primitive, fatalistic, intolerant, and cruel. And he is still more angry with the Americans for being cowardly, bureaucratic, hypocritical, efficient (in "scientifically" disposing of others' miseries), and cruel—with pillows. "If I married a Mexican girl," rationalizes Bill Richardson, the protagonist, "and took her home, people would treat her politely enough. There'd be no rocks thrown. But they'd hit her with cushions until she bled inside and died softly . . . We'd use cushions, they'd use guns."

He has been assigned to an area not far from Veracruz where the heat has baked the earth's crust so hard that it is almost impossible to bury the diseased cattle, which must be slaughtered. To him the armed Mexican Indians—held at bay by the ruthless yet compassionate Colonel Gutierrez—are terrifying in their failure to see the necessity for such drastic action. Evenings Bill spends with Maria, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Armando Vargas, a cruel but weak rancher. Richardson is as *macho* (manly) as any of the Mexicans in the story, and has had his share of Mexican women, but he cannot, as Gutierrez and the others would, marry Maria temporarily in order to add her to his harem. Instead he vacillates between an increasingly mature love for her and his inability to break with the way of life he has known in the States. Only after Bill has experienced sorrow does he become aware of the nature of love and of meanings in his work going beyond any national or medical bounds.

If Mr. Birne's story in this summary seems to have a moralizing quality, I have done it an injustice. The moral point, as in all true works of art, is there, but it is built in, implicit. On the surface, in fact, "Wait for the New Grass" is a shockingly cruel book, filled with clinical descriptions of disease and death. And this aura of Hemingway-ism is heightened by certain unresolved mannerisms in the writing: ". . . the old man, the form of the old man in the poor light," "The Colonel's face was small with the question, and it was old in the sun," etc. Yet in other passages the author works through this near-parody to a genuine style of his own: "The fine skin above his heart moved like a cocoon trying to open . . . and the sweat stayed on his skin like a varnish putting shape and beauty, even strength, into the bones and lines of his face." But it is the essential masculinity of the book that gives it that rare kind of homogeneity that one associates with such masterpieces as "The Leopard," "The Catcher in the Rye," "A Death in the Family," or "Lie Down in Darkness."

The author's insight into men's relationships with women is most striking. "A man must not *show* he is afraid to lose a woman. But *inside* he has to be afraid. Inside he must be afraid to lose all the women he will never have. . . . Women have a way of leading men to death . . . it is one of their functions, like cooking and carrying babies. They carry men into the world and carry them back; they carry the human race back and forth like taxis." Sometimes this insight is detached, in the manner of lyric poetry: ". . . combing her black hair with long pleasant strokes, dreaming there as though her hair contained all the secret whispers of night itself." And sometimes it rises to a terrible wisdom: "Fear of God and the devil puts more angels on earth than in heaven . . . Men who love and are satisfied do not want to build new worlds . . . Men who fear also hate, and because they hate they want to change things and in that way progress is made." The irony in the word "progress" is there for those who wish to hear it.



IMPLACABLE HOPES: In **"Time of Hope"** (Scribners, $4.95), first published in 1949, C. P. Snow's special blend of poignancy and tough-mindedness can be experienced to the full. Here Lewis Eliot, the worldly, taciturn narrator of the novel sequence "Strangers and Brothers," records the course of his young manhood and his initiation in the hard facts of life and love. The result is an extraordinarily concentrated study of desire and despair; of ambitions achieved, abandoned, or deferred; of hope as the central human passion, ennobling, destructive, implacable.

From a childhood darkened by the bankruptcy of his amiably weak father, driven by the magnificent vanity and all-consuming love of his mother, Lewis Eliot is led to test his strength against barrier after barrier between the slim chances granted him by a society still rigid with privilege and his high hopes for a legal career, for social progress, for wealth and love. Tragically, it is love that halts his grinding advance from success to success, for he finds himself inextricably committed to a woman who cannot help but destroy him since she cannot love in return. This is a story that in less exacting hands would undoubtedly have fallen into the great comfortable blur of stereotyped psychologizing, but Snow has no equal among writers today in turning the potentially commonplace into something perfectly unique.

Interestingly enough, Snow's artistic power here as in his other novels depends on nothing so much as singleness of purpose and stark simplicity of tone; he seldom renders experience in detail, and is never concerned merely to titillate the senses. Rather, he sketches, with broad, exact strokes, characteristic movements of mind or fortune that win the reader's assent by the rigor of observation behind them. In his novel cycle he is presenting us with a full-dress performance of the contemporary *comédie humaine*, but his method of clothing this world layer by layer allows him to simplify a subject till meaning shows startlingly through. Nowhere more movingly than in the present evocation of the private experience of his hero-narrator do we see the essence of Snow's vision, his glorification of maturity, his sense of controlled vitality as the center of the business of living. —BARRY SPACKS.

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Diplomacy of Irrelevance

"The New Politics: America and the End of the Postwar World," by Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff *(Coward-McCann. 190 pp. $4), suggests that U.S. attitudes must catch up with history if our foreign policy is to fulfill its potential role in the world. August Heckscher, who is the director of the Twentieth Century Fund, wrote "A Pattern of Politics."*

By August Heckscher

THE SUSPICION has become general that in foreign policy we have been acting on assumptions which are no longer true, that we are caught up in slogans we do not ourselves entirely believe, and that somehow we are going to have to bring our practice into line with new principles. Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff make this suspicion articulate and cogent. In their well-written book they go to the heart of the reasons that have led so many of us to believe we are failing in the things that matter most.

What is wrong with our politics, they maintain, is that we have confused a temporary mission with a permanent and enduring task. The temporary mission was forcibly to restrain Soviet expansion tendencies, and to do it largely alone in the midst of the devastation left by the Second World War. This we undertook with courage and a very high degree of success. But we have gone on supposing that the historical necessity of an epoch was fixed in the nature of things. Now that fifteen years and more have passed since the war's end, it is time to take a good long look at where we are going and why.

In those fifteen years much has happened to change the world in which we must act. New weapons have had their effect upon the character of war and the circumstances under which it can be used for the implementation of national policy. A power structure that was focused upon the United States and Russia has given way to a pluralistic world, in which new nations and regional groups play an increasingly important part. The Soviet Union has itself been changing; and China has taken on a novel and formidable role.

Because the United States had conceived its historic destiny in terms of military containment of the Soviet Union, it tended to feel resentful and frustrated whenever a new force not strictly allied with it came upon the world scene. Yet it is the essential nature of the democratic idea, the authors argue, to be at home amid diversity. Every development breaking down the rigid dualism of the postwar system has been a victory for our hopes and a defeat for the basic tenets of the Soviets. For too long, however, instead of rejoicing in such developments we mistrusted them. Fearing that our immediate military power would be weakened, we failed to see how a world order might be brought into being that would at last make it possible for us to deal with the Soviet threat by other than narrowly militaristic means.

Looking forward, the authors see the future enfolding in a way favorable to us—if only we have the wit to recognize and encourage it. The new technology and weaponry make it likely that the smaller and the greater nations will weigh less unequally in the scales of world power. Older nations, reduced to impotence after the war, are already regaining the influence they once held. The newer nations are an element more difficult to assess. Yet even in their first weakness and disarray they exist to remind us that the world is diverse and the international power structure complex. Amid all these forces the United States has a chance to play a role, not of universal and more or less continuous intervention, but of leadership by diplomacy, by example, and by the power of ideas.

What sort of diplomatic action do Messrs. Stillman and Pfaff see? In Europe, they believe, there is opportunity for change and modification, involving demilitarization or withdrawal, on terms not disadvantageous to the U.S. position. NATO remains significant, but should become "Europeanized" and less under the thumb of the United States. Elsewhere the authors see the chance for an abandonment of U.S. military bases and a turning away from efforts to draw hard and fast military lines all around the world.

Economic policy they would seek to disentangle from many of the presuppositions that have informed it. The kind of help that decency and humanity dictate we could well give through multinational organizations. Where our own policy objectives are more directly involved, we must act with clearness and vigor to give a real impetus to those comparatively few economies (of which India's is outstanding) where the leap into modernization is possible. With some relaxation of our own inner tensions, we are urged to cease from what the authors call "sterile efforts to endow the least viable of our allies with irrelevant military power and fraudulent prestige."

I miss in this book any discussion of the kind of creative statesmanship that is necessary to build new international or regional structures or to create a wider framework of law. Diplomacy in the traditional sense—though applied to ends different from those of recent

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years—is the prescription. Yet beneath this plea for diplomacy runs a thread of imaginative and eloquent concern for the largest issues of our national life. "The New Politics" of which the authors speak—they use the word "politics" in its fine old Aristotelian sense—involves in the final accounting something more than a sensible choice of instruments and means. Indeed, what is wrong with things as they have been going is not so much that we have lost prestige or seen our relative power weaken. It is the fact that, because we were not acting according to our own character, we have become confused and flabby within.

"The more real danger," the authors assert, "is that we may end up a gigantic historical irrelevancy, a state with nothing significant to say to the world, of interest only to ourselves, and that not keenly." Thus Stillman and Pfaff discern the biggest issue of all; and they write of it with the sobriety and eloquence it deserves.

Kremlin Cryptograms

"The War Called Peace: Khrushchev's Communism," by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet *(Norton. 335 pp. $4.50), analyzes what Communists really mean by such words as "peace," "self-determination," and "coexistence." William Henry Chamberlin, author of "Russia's Iron Age," is a longtime student of the USSR.*

By William Henry Chamberlin

"WAR IS PEACE," blazons the "Ministry of Truth" in George Orwell's fantasy of a totalitarian 1984; "Freedom is Slavery, Ignorance is Strength." It is one of the most familiar techniques of Khrushchev's diplomacy to mask warlike designs behind attractive sounding words such as "peace," "disarmament," "self-determination," "anticolonialism," "coexistence."

Harry and Bonaro Overstreet, who won wide and deserved praise for their earlier work, "What We Must Know About Communism," perform a useful task of interpreting what Communist "newspeak" and "doublethink," to use Orwellian expressions again, really mean in practice. As they say very justly:

> One constant danger in which we stand with respect to Communism has to do with the use of words. When Khrushchev speaks, we hear what he says; and we think he is saying what his words mean to us. Instead, he is saying what they mean to him; and, knowing that we misunderstand, he does nothing to set us straight, because he intends us to misunderstand.

They might have added that there is a type of weak, appeasing mentality that unconsciously craves to be deceived, and the Communist propagandist is always ready to satisfy this craving.

For instance, it sounds generous and reasonable when Khrushchev, quoting the Charter of the United Nations, comes out in favor of self-determination for all peoples. How is this to be reconciled with the Soviet military suppression of the attempts of the people of East Germany and Hungary to practise self-determination, or with the fact that the Soviet Union now rules the biggest colonial empire in the world?

From Khrushchev's standpoint, this reconciliation poses no moral or logical difficulties whatever. For has not Lenin written that the revolutionary task of the Bolsheviks is "to advance the self-determination of the working class within each nationality, rather than the self-determination of peoples and nationalities"? And what if, as happened in the Soviet Zone of Germany and on a bigger and more tragic scale in Hungary, the working class takes the lead in trying to throw off the yoke of Communist dictatorship? Elementary, my dear Watson. It is the members of the Communist Party, and only those members who remain loyal to Moscow, who interpret the true mood and interests of the working class.

With this psychological background, there is no prospect that Communism will ever give up any part of its empire out of deference to the abstract right of self-determination. "Peaceful coexistence" is sometimes thought of as an alternative to "cold war." But Khrushchev himself, in a speech designed to explain to the Party faithful the meaning of the resolutions adopted at the world conference of Communist parties late in 1960, offered this somewhat chilling definition of coexistence:

> The policy of peaceful coexistence facilitates the activities of the Communist Party and other progressive organizations of the working class in capitalist countries . . . and contributes to the success of the national liberation movement. Thus the policy of peaceful coexistence in its social context is a form of intensive economic, political, and ideological struggle of the proletariat.

This speech was delivered too late to be cited in the book; but it confirms the correctness of the authors' methodical analysis of the true meanings behind Communist formulas. When Norman Cousins was invited, as part of the American-Soviet cultural exchange program, to address the Presidium of the Soviet Peace Committee, he took advantage of the opportunity to stress the points that the American Communist Party was in the service of a foreign government and that only enforceable agreements could serve as a basis of American-Soviet relations where matters of national security were at stake.

This statement was quickly turned into an "unstatement." The Soviet press, well represented at the meeting, printed nothing and the censorship forbade mention of it in dispatches to foreign newspapers.

The Overstreet book covers a wide range, as a variety of chapter headings indicates: "Colonialism: Soviet Style," "The Making of Communist Man," "The United Nations as Target," "Exchange Programs: Whose Weapon?"

SOME of the analysis is a little hasty and thin, and much use is made of derivative sources. But the authors bring to a wider audience much material that is buried in specialized publications. One of the best of the many citations is from the work of Hugh Seton-Watson, the British expert on the Soviet Union, who observes in connection with the dilemma of disarmament and the temptation to accept the formula of unilateral discarding of nuclear arms:

> The choice is not between the certainty of destruction of the human race and the certainty of Communist dominion but between the possibility of destruction, if the West retains atomic weapons, and the certainty of Soviet dominion, if the West unilaterally disarms.

The authors strike a reasonable balance between optimism and pessimism, pointing out that the Communists, despite many psychological advantages, have yet to capture a country by free election, and that the maintenance of the freedom of the peoples of the West is a matter of their own insight, courage, and determination.

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Echoes of a Century Ago

GUNBOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI: Soon after midnight on April 24, 1862, Flag Officer David Glasgow Farragut issued hot coffee and hardtack to officers and men on a dozen darkened Union naval vessels anchored below New Orleans, placed buckets of sand to the rear of all guns should blood make the decks slippery, stripped his gunners to the waist, then hoisted two tiny red lanterns to *Hartford*'s mizzen peak. Farragut was about to attempt the impregnable Confederate gantlet past Forts Philip and Jackson at the outer mouth of the Mississippi River. Forcing his Union gunboats between these close, formidable shore installations, Farragut went on upriver to capture the city of New Orleans. The shock that ran through the entire Confederacy when the disaster news spread that the South's greatest city had fallen is but one of the brilliantly descriptive chapters in Charles L. Dufour's most engrossing Civil War book, **"The Night the War Was Lost"** (Doubleday, $4.95). Perhaps it is exaggeration to agree with his title, yet he makes a good case, from the Confederate side, of course. The author is an editorial columnist on New Orleans newspapers and he can write, though he occasionally falls for such ancient cliché mistakes as putting two "t"s in Mary Boykin Chesnut's last name. Must reading for naval warfare, Civil War, and Confederate buffs. Maps and illustrations.

COMPREHENSIVE GALLERY: In issuing **"The Autobiography of Carl Schurz"** (introduction by Allan Nevins, $5.95) Scribners has done a perpetual favor for anyone seeking a one-volume abridgment of this three-volume classic. Here is one of the great nineteenth-century men, a general in Mr. Lincoln's army, later a Cabinet officer, a splendid historian, friend and champion of many a liberal cause. I concur with Allan Nevins, who says: "A great autobiography. No other single book of American memoirs, not even John Quincy Adams's diary, contains so many striking portraits of political and military leaders."

OFF-BEAT OPINION: In a preface to **"The Hidden Face of the Civil War,"** by Otto Eisenschiml (Bobbs-Merrill, $5), the author warns us that "unless you are interested in the truth about the Civil War, do not read this book. It may shock you." Well, it may, and it may also amuse you, if the Civil War happens to be your pasture. Dr. Eisenschiml claims that neither Lee nor Grant was a great general, that there was but one true genius among Civil War generals, Nathan Bedford Forrest (though Stonewall Jackson is ranked as near-genius), and that George Thomas was by all odds the finest military talent on the Union side. Grant the author cannot abide; Lee is impetuous and sadistic to the point of incompetence. Other items here include the scandalous traffic in contraband drugs, and naïve observations that politicians did their best to lose the war for both sides. Mostly opinionated nonsense—but sometimes interesting, documented, and thoroughly scholarly nonsense.

PRIVATE'S EYE-VIEW: Letters and diaries of a Yankee volunteer, one Owen Johnston Hopkins of Ohio, constitute **"Under the Flag of the Nation,"** edited by Otto F. Bond (Ohio State University press, $5). Hopkins fought in the Cumberland and Vicksburg campaigns and wrote pretty routine reports of what he managed to live through. The collection offers occasional source material for future Bruce Cattons, but slim pickin's much of the time. Best entries involve Private Hopkins's romantic pursuit of his home-town sweetheart, Julia Allison, whom he wins and weds in the course of an interminable postal courtship. Pretty dull stuff for pages on end, the book is illuminated by the occasional insight and observation of a Civil Warrior who was there. The volume includes a fascinating private expense book in which an unsophisticated Ohio boy painfully lists each bottle of pomade (50¢), box of collars (50¢), and a precious single copy of the Cincinnati *Gazette* ($1.60).

THE COLONEL'S TUNNEL: In the summer of 1864, with less than a year of bloody war remaining, General Grant's grinding assault on Richmond shuddered to a halt at Petersburg, where Lee and his ragged heroes had entrenched in a long and unshatterable line before the Confederate capital. A young mining engineer from Pennsylvania came one day to Union headquarters with a fanastic plan to dig a mine tunnel under Lee's most formidable fortification, blow it to smithereens, then break through the Lee line to end the stalemate. **"Inferno at St. Petersburg,"** by Henry Pleasants, Jr., and George H. Straley (Chilton, $3.95), is the detailed, spade-by-spade story of how well Colonel Pleasants's plan worked—and how only incredible Union botching after the horrendous explosion choked off amazing fulfillment at the very threshold of success. It is hard to put down, once you've opened this unbelievable account of the "St. Petersburg crater," which might have ended the Civil War in 1864 instead of 1865. Marvelous contemporary drawings, photographs, and maps help immensely.

DOCUMENTARY, 1861-65: The best single buy of the Civil War Centennial may well be **"The War They Fought,"** by Richard B. Harwell (Longmans, Green, $6.95). Originally published as two separate books, 'The Confederate Reader" and "The Union Reader" (at $7.50 each), Mr. Harwell's fascinating anthology is here available in a single volume costing less than either original. For those unlucky buffs unfamiliar with the Harwell it should be said that his way of presenting the war through newspaper pieces, personal letters from the front, communiques, songs, poems, diaries, sketches, magazine articles, generals' field reports, and political documents is apt to give a reader that feeling of authenticity somehow lacking in stuffier Civil War writing. Most fascinating item remains, however, the menu of the Oriental Saloon in Richmond on January 8, 1864. A bill of fare offering ham and eggs for $3.50,

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The Newest Frontier

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial, the associate director of the Ford Foundation's International Affairs Program, wrote the widely discussed White House recent report on U. S. information, cultural, and educational programs abroad.*

THE NEW Administration has an opportunity in 1961 to launch something far more impressive than an Astronaut. It can set into motion the most exciting foreign policy idea to appear since the Marshall Plan of the late 1940s, namely, the creation alongside our present programs of military and economic assistance of a third program, devoted to assisting educational development abroad.

The enormous potentialities of this disarmingly simple and obvious idea have slowly, quietly come into view as our experience with foreign aid programs has accumulated. It has become clear that development—whether economic, social, military, or political—must begin with the one resource the poor countries have in abundance: human beings.

Technical-assistance experts now agree that in the less developed countries only the desire for food and shelter is as deep and universal as the yearning for education. Economists have come to the view that the single most productive form of foreign assistance is probably that given for education and technical training. Those concerned about democracy, or at least political stability, in the so-called emerging countries feel that without more education they can neither emerge nor maintain themselves as independent countries.

In recent years the United States has had a continuing but only incidental interest in foreign educational assistance; small, scattered operations can be found tucked away in the lower echelons of various Washington agencies, all of them concerned primarily with things other than education.

THIS is a most curious kind of neglect for a country whose belief in education has long been one of its distinguishing characteristics. Indeed, the social benefits deriving from our American system of land grant colleges constitute the world's most impressive proof that educational investment is a means of accelerating social and economic development. But what we have learned and practised at home we have not yet applied in our foreign policy.

A program of educational assistance for the less developed countries could include:

- Building and equipping schools, laboratories, and libraries as visible symbols of the American belief in education and educational opportunity.
- Creating new regional institutions for training in public administration, agricultural technology, and the management of enterprises.
- Developing large mobile training camps to teach basic skills in public health, agriculture, and the mechanical trades to thousands of trainees at a time.
- Mounting experiments in the use of television to spread literacy and teach basic skills on a large scale.
- Contributing funds for "Opportunity Scholarships" to enable talented young people from all social classes to acquire an education in their own countries on the basis of open competition.

THERE is no difficulty in envisaging exciting and useful things to be done. Nor is there any longer a difficulty in gaining support for the basic idea from the experts. Nor, indeed, is there likely to be insurmountable difficulty in gaining public acceptance. In the past when official proposals have combined high idealism with down-to-earth benefits, the American public has responded with enthusiasm. Reaction to the Peace Corps—which is very limited in its possibilities compared to those of a general program of foreign educational assistance—is only the most recent demonstration of the powerful force of practical humanitarianism in American society.

What, then, is the difficulty? It is that we may well respond to this magnificent opportunity by instituting a series of nibbling little measures, which will be useful but which will lack drama and which will fail to capture the imagination of people around the world.

It is not enough that education should become merely a more important subsection of economic and other programs. It deserves to be taken out of the basement and given a proud place of its own. Such a major new departure in our foreign policy and programs will identify the United States in the eyes of the world—as it deserves to be identified—with the universal human ideal of education.

Franklin Roosevelt spoke of the Four Freedoms. Mr. Kennedy can proclaim the Fifth Freedom: freedom of education. He has laid out a new frontier in education at home; he should now trace with equal clarity the new frontier in educational development around the world. —WALDEMAR A. NIELSEN.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE for Marshall Fishwick's article "Robert E. Lee: The Guardian Angel Myth" [*SR*, Mar. 4]. I do a good deal of traveling through the South, and on the basis of my conversations with Southerners I've concluded that nothing is more of an impediment to progress than their worship of the glorious past. Mr. Fishwick's deft piece of debunking has been needed for a long time.

JAMES R. RAND.

New York, N. Y.

ALTHOUGH HE SAYS of Robert E. Lee that "he simply did not have a conceptualizing mind," Marshall Fishwick cannot help, even in a short essay, referring several times to Lee's concepts—notably, that of forgiveness. It was because Lee's concept of loyalty overbore his concept of the Union that he stood where he stood, and did what he did. On account of such concepts, his tears, when he knew that war between the states was inevitable, are the tears of us all. I think it can be proved that he saw from the first what the outcome of the struggle would be, but took his place anyway, like a king, regardless of fate. . . .

We simply love Lee, for all he was and is, and no wonder! He served an absolute and not a relative concept of virtue. He illustrates to us what a man, a real man, is, under any circumstances, at any time. . . . I am not a "reconstructed Northerner," but an American, and with many others I bow in shame that Lee should have died a paroled prisoner, accepting this status, as he naturally would, with the utmost patience and understanding, and that he should not be honored throughout the nation today as conforming to our greatest idea of what a free man should be. Fortunately the Mason-Dixon line has nothing to do with that, as a guardian angel can travel just about anywhere. We can give Robert E. Lee our entire allegiance, and permit his living guardianship of us, as a people, because if "man, as man, is a spirit," he was that spirit, mind and heart, for the scrutiny of the ages, and also because anyone engaged in the life experience can proceed more knowingly when referring for hopeful imitation to that graciousness, that dignity, and that conscience.

ROBERTA T. S. CHALMERS.

Charlotte, N. C.

TAX TANGLE

THANK YOU FOR "Agenda for Tax Reform," by Gustav Simons [*SR*, Mar. 11]. . . . Our present tax system not only tends to stifle research and artistic endeavors on the part of individuals, but throughout is weighted in favor of business at the expense of the individual. . . .

One wonders, too, why the federal tax laws are so weighted against education. If all monies collected by institutions of learning supported by state and local taxation could be left in the hands of the rightful owners, there would be little need for so-called federal aid to education. Yet all, the poor county or the wealthy state, must, depending on the percentage of the budget given up to wages and salaries, turn over in the form of income tax a large share of their tax monies to the Federal Government. . . .

As one who knows nothing of taxes except the paying of them, I would welcome enlightenment.

HARRIETTE ARNOW.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Apres moi le deluge."

GALLERYGOERS

KATHARINE KUH'S article "Art Without Isms" [*SR*, Mar. 4] is a perfect example of the preposterous double-talk indulged in by today's art critics. These people are, almost without exception, weathervanes turning wherever the wind listeth. After condemning representational work completely for some time, they now reluctantly admit it has its merits.

The latest trend, exemplified by Miss Kuh, praises highly both abstract and representational art. This is like praising the meaningless and the meaningful in one breath. It is carrying tolerance to the extreme of absurdity. It is an example of modern man's unwillingness to make decisions, to commit himself in any way whatsoever. It seems that we could do very well without the abstruse, stereotyped jargon of the average art critic. Art speaks for itself. Good work says more than all the critics combined can say about it; bad work will not be improved by all their united efforts.

MRS. B. E. SKIPPER.

Houston, Tex.

KATHARINE KUH'S piece on Edwin Dickinson and Mark Rothko was a refreshing experience in art criticism. An informed appreciation of diverse styles is the mark of a valuable critic.

R. L. TOWNES.

Philadelphia, Pa.

CRITIC'S CRITICS

I THOUGHT Robert Lewis Shayon's column "The Irresponsibles" [*SR*, Feb. 25] was a fine job of writing and an eloquent plea on behalf of higher standards of responsibility in television broadcasting. Certainly the deplorable level of much of current television fare has been further compounded by the action of "television critics and columnists" in selecting "The Untouchables" as "Best Dramatic Program" and "Best Network Program."

The deceptive nature of this program alone ought to have disqualified it for honors of this kind, to say nothing of its bad taste, character-destroying aspects, and downright sadism. As Mr. Shayon suggests in his column, if we cannot look to the press to offer the constructive kind of criticism that television so greatly requires, who can we look to? Unfortunately, the press has too few critics of his caliber.

JAMES V. BENNETT, Director,
Bureau of Prisons,
U. S. Department of Justice.

Washington, D. C.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Biggest Island—2. Jailhouse Blues

IF YOU ask me why I went to Tasmania, I would have to say that its location south of the fortieth parallel, the romance of its name, and my presence in Australia made the additional journey compelling. Besides, it was cheap adventure, for Hobart, the capital, is scarcely more than an hour's flight south over Bass Strait from Melbourne. Although Tasmania is now advertised as the Jewel of the South Pacific, the British Government, looking at it through the long lens back in the eighteenth century, found its remote locale ideal for a penal colony.

Although Tasmania is now a state in the Australian Commonwealth, and the penal colony has long since been abolished, there are parts of the state, only 150 miles off the southeast coast of the Australian continent, that remain unexplored to this day. Charter flights to what is known as the "far southwest" can be engaged at a modest $12, probing the land of rainforests, mountain lakes, and barren beaches where no man lives and perhaps none has ever trod before.

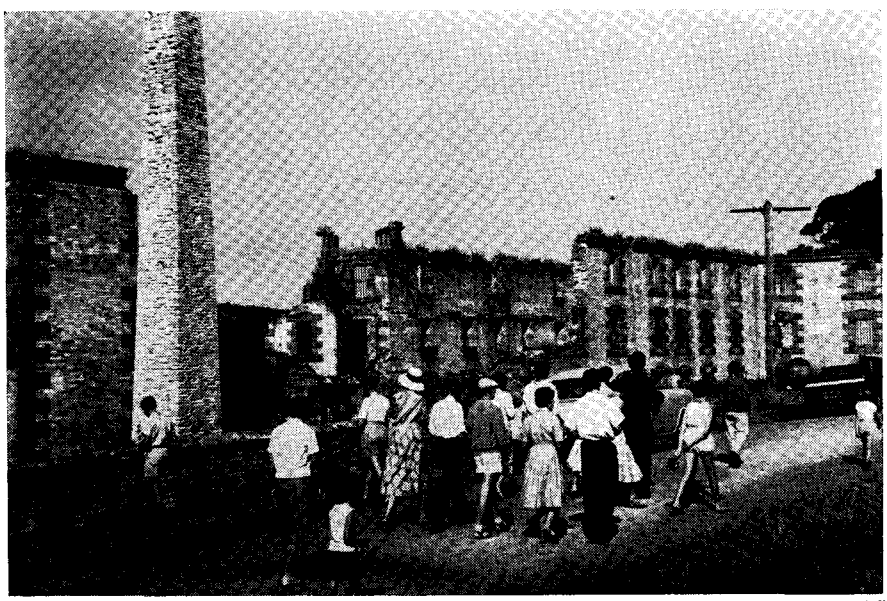
In its settled areas, Tasmania looks much like the homeland so far across the seas, and it was the homesick settlers who, perhaps with some longing, and some self-delusion, began referring to it as "this other England." They helped the image by planting hawthorn hedges along the winding roads and English trees in front of their houses. Even today, tiny inns like the white castle called the Hotel St. Ives, a seventy-year-old manor with baths down the hall, serve patrons crumbled sheep's brains and grilled cutlets for breakfast, steamed flounders and apple pie and cream for dinner. Dinner, bed, and breakfast come to a modest $4.50 at the Hotel St. Ives, and whiskey is only a quarter. Even older are the little homes that circle Battery Park on the heights of Hobart. Painted in pastel shades with yellow shutters and red roofs, they date from the 1820s, when they were quarters for the officers tending the cannon that protected the city.

Along the pleasant waterfront, not so hectic as a Mediterranean port, the steamers bound for London wait alongside the coastal yawls. Tasmanians shop for crayfish and for fresh *couta*, which is the local word for barracuda. Crayfish and crayfish tails are a delicacy here, although the community does not eat them with the ceremony which the Finns and Swedes devise. And scallops are a specialty from May to December. But fruit and wool keep Tasmania together, and in the spring, which is to say from September to December, the pear and apple orchards burst with blossoms and form a colorful contrast with the green hopfields that aid the manufacture of Australian beer, a staple of life Down Under.

Nearly three-quarters of a million people live on Tasmania, some of whom could, if they weren't so frightfully touchy about it, trace their ancestors back to the penal colony. On the other hand, there are those Tasmanians who have come to realize that their remote island that looks across the Tasman Sea, eastward to New Zealand and southward to Antarctica, however much a Jewel of the South Pacific it may profess to be, is not exactly the center of the roaring universe. Among Tasmania's emigrants are Dorothy Hammerstein, the decorator and widow of the lyricist, Merle Oberon, and the late Errol Flynn, who fled northward to New Guinea and by a series of happenstances was discovered by Hollywood.

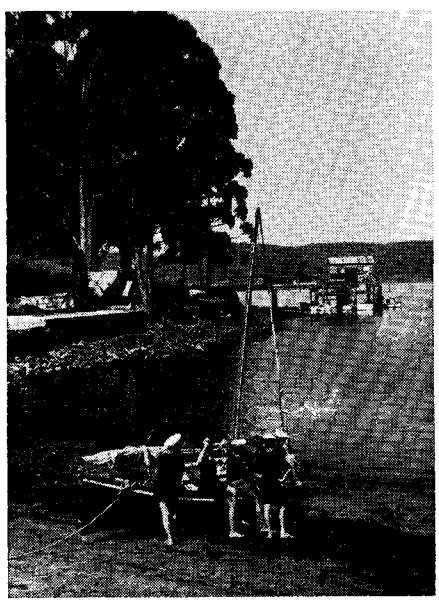
While sophisticates who journey between the dells of Jamaica and Deauville might consider the Jewel of the South Pacific to be, at best, semiprecious, Tasmania has a certain following among vacationers in this hemisphere who fly over in Ansett-ANA's American prop jets, or who journey by cruise ship from New Zealand, about 1,000 miles distant. The hotel at Wrest Point in Hobart is not exactly the Carleton at Cannes, but its glass-walled dining room does give an enchanting view of the harbor, which is like some protected English cove, with the sailboats waiting patiently at their moorings for the weekend. A walkway bordered with lavendar and yellow broom dawdles along the lawn until at last it finds its way to the fresh-water pool sheltered from the South Pacific zephyrs by glass barriers.

ODDLY enough, Tasmania's other resort is Port Arthur, which was also the home of the famed penal colony that brought the first European settlement to this southerly isle. (Tasmania's original inhabitants were aborigines, but shorter and darker than those of



—*H.S.*

Tasmania—"the British government found its remote locale ideal for a penal colony."



Tasmanian harbor—"not so hectic as a Mediterranean port."

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HOW TO SPEAK AUSTRALIAN

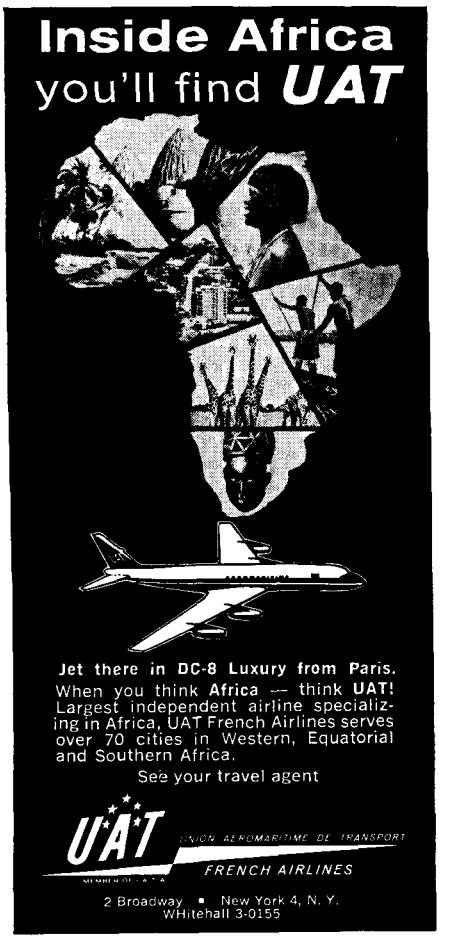
Down Under	*Up Yonder*
plyz	a term of politeness
yais	affirmative answer
owyergoin'?	how are you?
whyves	like they have at Atlantic City
woives	married ladies
wowser	a square
pub	hotel
isle	beer
middy	small beer
my shout	my treat
digger	soldier
bloke	guy
sheila	doll
goodonyer	attaboy
scone	noggin
aydeen	the number preceding nineteen
tee up	prepare
dill	dummy
fair dinkum	the McCoy
the dinkum oil	the straight dope

continental Australia.) Port Arthur was the choice because it has a lovely bay where today yachts ride at anchor, and day-trippers can stop at the Galleon, which serves crayfish lunches and displays photographs of the shooting of a film about the penal colony. The picture, shot in 1926, was called "For the Term of His Natural Life," and the movie company, starring one Eva Novak, came all the way from Hollywood to film it, one of the earliest "on-location" expeditions on record. Up on the rise above the cove stands a new motel that has recently been opened, replacing the old hotel, which had been fashioned out of the crumbling residence of the second sergeant of guards at the penal colony. The new place, known as the Port Arthur Motor Hotel, is cheerful enough, with pleasant rooms, a bar and a dance floor, and views that stretch down to the ruins of the old cell blocks.

Doubtless the pleasures of Port Arthur, with its broad lawns, its English trees, and its protected bay within the inlet that opens out onto the Southern Sea, would scarcely have been discovered or developed if the penal colony had not been located here. The early-day jailers chose the Tasman Peninsula because it could be, and was, choked off at Eaglehawk Neck, a narrow strip that was guarded continuously by savage dogs. The escape route by sea was guarded by sharks. Once the site had been picked on this dangling peninsula at the bottom of a remote island underneath the faraway land of Australia, light-years away from England, the convict ships began to arrive. The trip took a grueling seven or eight months, and convicts stirred to disobedience during this ordeal were subjected to the ducking box, which submitted them to the whim of the sea with each passing wave. Many is the ship that never made it. The *George III* was wrecked in April of 1835 while running a channel off Tasmania. A quarter of the ship's company was in the sick bay, which was swamped, and when the rest of the convicts rushed the hatchway the soldiers fired. Over 130 were drowned or shot. Only a month later the *Neva*, with a full complement of women convicts, piled up on a reef and only twenty-two of 240 aboard ever reached shore to begin their servitude. Seven of them later died of exhaustion.

NOR did Britain's jailers stop at sending women to Tasmania. Boys found guilty of small offenses in England were shipped out, too, and incarcerated in a separate jail on Point Puer. Fire has twice swept through the convict grounds of the main prison at Port Arthur since it fell into disuse, but the old walls remain, some of them swathed with ivy. A gnarled old guide, equipped with a uniform and an Aussie accent that is all but gobbledygook to anyone unpossessed of an ear attuned to the provincial patois, ushers visitors on a walking tour of the grounds. Among the sights are the "separate and silent cell" where incorrigibles were placed, out of sight and out of earshot of other prisoners. The regular cell block, encased within fifteen-foot walls, was once considered as a possible guest house for tourists, but the idea, however unusual, was later given up in favor of providing more conventional lodgings. The cells were only seven feet six inches long and five feet wide, which is even less than new hotels provide today. Like hotel rooms, each cell came equipped with a Bible, a touch which amused the prisoners, it is said, because no lights were permitted and the men were in their cells only at night. Those with special privileges were permitted to sleep in dormitories, and one Irish writer and poet, banished to Port Arthur for political reasons, was allowed to live in a cottage. It stands to this day and is used as a youth hostel, overlooking the old flogging yard and the former insane asylum, which, as the Port Arthur people point out with some relish, is now the town hall.

Prisoners were brought to church on Sundays in special blinders that permitted them to view the pulpit but not to see who was on the right or left. The sermon was shared by the guards and their wives, who lived in some comfort with trusted prisoners as their servants. All that is left of the church is its shell, but its arches, its serrated tower walls, and its spires somehow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evoke the air of England. The oaks are mature now and grow alongside the hawthorns and the native gums. Everywhere the lawns expand and the flowers still grow in the gardens that were meant to inspire bittersweet thoughts of England. But there are evidences, too, of the unhappiness of the far-off colony, and one daring poster of the day proclaimed:

Gov. George Arthur is Ordered Home
Tomorrow Ought to be a
Day of General Thanksgiving
For the Deliverance from the Iron Hand
of Gov. Arthur
We Have Now a Prospect of Breathing

By 1870 it was all over, and the penal colony was closed. The military was needed to fight the Maoris on New Zealand. What prisoners were left were transferred to the jail at Hobart. As their sentences ran out they were released, many of them returning to Port Arthur and becoming free settlers of Tasmania and the founders of the state. These circumstances have awarded a rather exotic set of ancestors to some of the present-day citizens of Tasmania, not one of whom relishes a discussion of it. Moreover, they are grateful that the crime rate in Tasmania is one of the lowest in Australia.—HORACE SUTTON.

This is the second in a series of articles on Australia.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Improvisations

THE SCRIPT troubles Marlon Brando is supposed to have encountered before finishing his own production, **"One Eyed Jacks,"** would now seem well ironed out, because the movie is a slick, professional Western, not as forthright as "High Noon," nor as evocative as "Shane," but certainly among the best of the type. To fill you in, the project began when Brando bought a novel called "The Authentic Death of Hendry Jones." It was then discovered that the authentic death of Hendry Jones was not dissimilar to the authentic death of Billy the Kid, a project already in the works as "The Left Handed Gun," with Paul Newman as the star. *That* movie came and quickly went. When Truman Capote traveled to Japan to interview Brando for *The New Yorker* (circa 1957) he discovered him working, in spare moments, on a script called "A Burst of Vermilion." Time passed. Writers were hired and fired. Stanley Kubrick was brought in to direct a script now called "One Eyed Jacks." Five months later he left, the script still not in shape. It was rumored that Brando was going to have to improvise his movie, being backed by Paramount. Brando then spent five months directing the film, turned in a rough cut that caused anguish in the breasts of Paramount executives because it ran a good deal longer than "Ben-Hur." Brando cut, Paramount cut, and the results are on the screen.

If it weren't for the above background, "One Eyed Jacks" could be assessed as a sturdily competent job in a familiar vein and let go at that. But here we have another example of the unrest caused in Hollywood by the rebelliousness of its stars, a good many of them apparently unsatisfied with their enormous salaries and their opportunity to pick and choose their roles. A star isn't truly big these days unless he's the whole show. Some call it "asserting creative independence."

At any rate, Brando, who has demonstrated that he can be a magnificent actor, has had it all his own way. He directed himself as he pleased, got the performances he wanted from his actors, and came up with a Western. This would be more ironic if it weren't for the fact that the acting in "One Eyed Jacks" is uncommonly good. The lifelike interplaying in each of the scenes brings tension and interest to what might otherwise have struck us as quite ordinary and even contrived material. Brando espouses improvisation as an important tool of the actor. The idea is not to be too closely confined to the lines of the script, but to allow actors to make their own "discoveries," and include them if they're good. Broadway directors are aware that sometimes this works and sometimes it doesn't.

The method would appear, however, to be useful in motion pictures, if only because scenes are usually brief, and there is always the cutting room to snip away the stuff that doesn't come off. In "One Eyed Jacks," a tale of a young outlaw betrayed by his partner in crime and then seeking vengeance, the Billy the Kid element is present, but (original touch!) he reforms at the end. Brando's performance is fierce, moody, and flamboyant by turns (and is basically a series of variations on the kind of acting he unveiled as Stanley Kowalski); serving him well as a foil is the skilled Karl Malden. But, the acting aside, the movie obeys most of the conventions of the Western form, complete with fast draws and the standard number of corpses. While it keeps one occupied and entertained, it is likely to take its place in movie history largely as a Western that took four years to make.

In **"Shadows,"** a New York effort directed by John Cassavetes, improvisation runs rampant. The film emerged from an acting class run by Cassavetes for a time, and it seems to have been regarded as a feature-length exercise. Nothing cornball like a script, but instead a thread of a story talked out and pieced out from day to day by the actors and the director. While "Shadows" is not, strictly speaking, a professional example of moviemaking, it does have extraordinarily original moments, and makes the attempt to deal with contemporary situations and people. It mainly touches on the problems of two brothers and a sister in a Negro family. A brother and a sister are light-skinned enough to pass as white. The other brother is dark. Their different circles intermingle from time to time, and there is an uneasy, pained kind of coalescence, with everyone trying to be broad-minded. The movie may be technically on the primitive side, but it does have a heart and a conscience. Its cost, by the way, was roughly one-hundredth of the cost of "One Eyed Jacks."

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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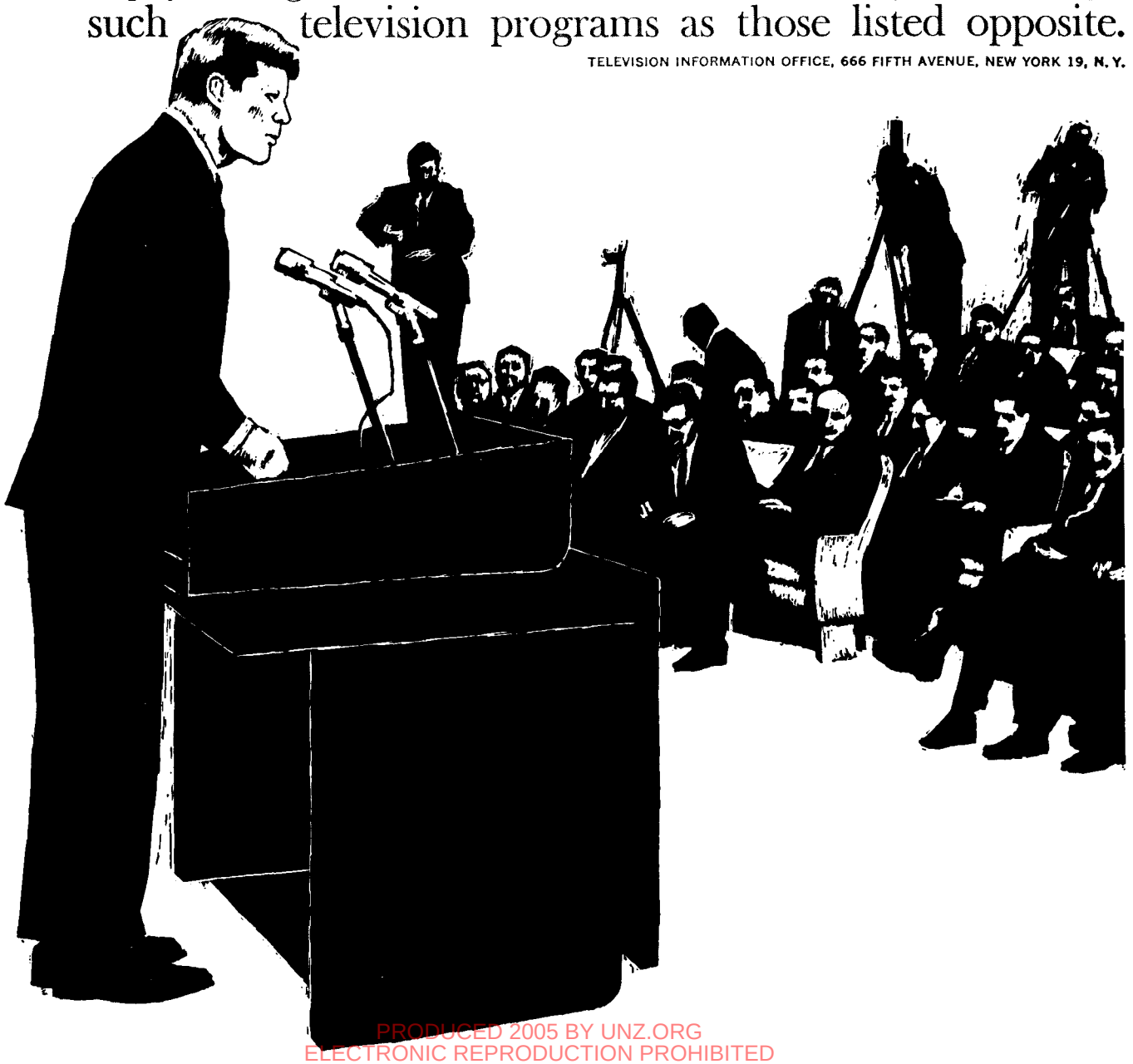

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TV AND RADIO

The Elect and the Damned

THE 1950s, television's first mass-audience decade, were years of fear for middle-class, better-educated parents who worried about the new medium's effects on their children. Spectres of moral, emotional, and intellectual debasement haunted the trooping of tender minds to the electronic Pied Piper. Scholars went busily to work with their tests, hypotheses, and surveys to find and measure facts and to generalize; but proof positive eluded the testers, in England and here. Most social-science researchers concluded that television was neither a great enlightener nor a monstrous malformer of children generally. The medium reorganized children's lives but it didn't affect the quality of those lives independently of other influences. It's still a Scotch verdict, according to **"Television in the Lives of our Children,"** by Wilbur Schramm, Jack Lyle, and Edwin B. Parker (Stanford University Press, $6). This is "the first major North American study" on the subject, a fascinating, comprehensive, provocative volume. It agrees with "Television and the Child," the 1958 Himmelweit Study in England, that while commercial TV's harmful influence is not proved, neither is it disproved.

The book covers familiar territory for parents, in stressing the importance of providing growing children with emotional security, warmth, and especially shared activity, if they are to be helped to use TV wisely. It has a chapter on "Reality-Seeking and Social Norms," however, in which many parents will find new and reassuring information. Children are separated into two groups: "reality-seekers and fantasy-seekers." The latter are heavy TV viewers; the former turn more to print-media, especially magazines and books. Most children are heavy TV viewers up to the sixth grade. They have a great measure of fantasy need and TV satisfies them. But from the sixth to the tenth grade, an interesting transition takes place. Many children drop from the high to the low group in terms of the number of hours in which they view TV. They become more "reality oriented"; and since commercial TV is almost all escape, they turn from it to print. Such children may even seek out educational TV, where it is available to them, in search of information. The big question is why some children change to low viewing and others remain in the high viewing group. The answer, according to Schramm and his associates, seems to be that children "internalize their parent's social norms."

Middle-class children reflect their parent's "future oriented" drives for self-betterment, for responsible, productive activity. Working-class children are "present-time oriented." They don't want to get ahead, work hard; they believe in taking things easy and having fun. The significant idea, however, is that middle-class children are predisposed to a sort of Calvinistic election: their social group saves them from TV's fantasy-damnation. This should take a great weight off the minds of middle-class parents unless their children have nontypical problems.

AS usual, there are more "damned" than "elect." (This Calvinistic inference, by the way, is mine, not that of the book's authors.) It is generally agreed among general agree-ers that our hopes for world peace and sanity ride with those who look for reality rather than fantasy. The child fantasy-seeker grows up into the heavy TV viewer. Television may not have shaped him so (although the Himmelweit study bears down more emphatically on the value making force of TV than does the Schramm report). The frustrations of the adult fantasy-seeker may be due to low intelligence, lack of drive, a recognition of his inability to realize earlier hopes. These are the results of his personal circumstances, and not of television. But if television hasn't damned him, what is it doing to save him?

A glance at an incomplete list of new shows being offered for sale for the next TV season reveals a big part of the answer: forty-three Action Adventure; thirty-four Comedy; ten Drama; ten Animated Cartoon; five Western; twenty Miscellaneous Entertainment; two Education. There has been much talk lately, from the White House all the way down through the industry, about TV's great new reality frontier. But the smart money, like Old Man River, keeps on rolling along. This is a piece of research I wish Dr. Schramm and his associates would undertake. Why do the future-oriented, better-educated, high-intelligence, middle-class artists and businessmen in the industry who have been "saved" keep on feeding the fires of fantasy to their lower socio-economic brothers who are "damned?" —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

In April . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

(Times indicated are current N. Y. Time)

"Not in Vain"
Lincoln's wartime decisions leading to Gettysburg. Raymond Massey stars.
Saturday, April 1 (9:30-10 PM)

"ABC News Specials"
Eichmann pre-trial reports.
Sunday, April 2, 9 (3:30-4 PM)

"The Red Balloon"
Story of a boy and his balloon in Paris.
Sunday, April 2 (9-9:30 PM)

"Invisible World of the Deep"
Russian films of oceanic life.
Tuesday, April 4 (7-7:30 PM)

"Young People's Concert"
Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in this season's finale.
Sunday, April 9 (3-4 PM)

"Battle for Survival"
Animal, insect, and plant life seen through time-lapse photography.
Sunday, April 9 (6:30-7:30 PM)

"Engineer of Death: The Eichmann Story"
Dramatization of the life and capture of Adolf Eichmann.
Wednesday, April 12 (10-11 PM)

"Change of Life"
Recent medical advances aid women's adjustment to the "middle years."
Thursday, April 13 (4-5 PM)

"Omnibus"
An appraisal of the Monroe Doctrine's effects on South America today.
Sunday, April 16 (5-6 PM)

"NBC White Paper"
A probing examination of hospitals and medicine today. Chet Huntley narrates.
Sunday, April 16 (10-11 PM)

"D-Day"
World War II: Invasion of Normandy.
Sunday, April 16 (10:30-11 PM)

"Gentleman's Decision"
General Lee's surrender at Appomattox.
Saturday, April 22 (9:30-10 PM)

"Jane Eyre"
Charlotte Brontë's novel dramatized.
Thursday, April 27 (9-10 PM)

"Alert! Defense in the Missile Age"
Latest U.S. developments in guarding against a missile attack.
Sunday, April 30 (6:30-7 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Sundays: Meet the Professor
Washington Conversation
Accent
Issues and Answers
Roundup USA
Ask Washington
Meet the Press
The Twentieth Century
Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years
Tuesdays: Expedition!
Thursdays: CBS Reports/Face the Nation
Fridays: Eyewitness to History
Saturdays: The Nation's Future
Mon.-Fri.: Continental Classroom

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Consult local listings for times and programming details.*

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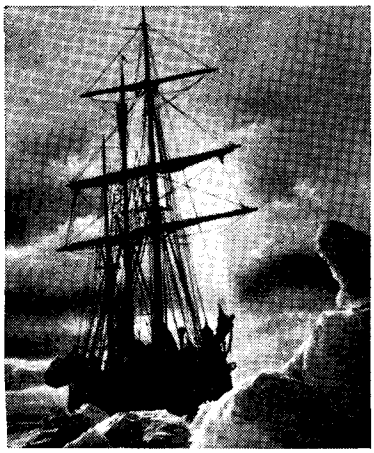

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Homo Insapiens

WHEN YOU come right down to it, the world is full of some pretty sad specimens. And Hugh Wheeler, better known at Patrick Quentin, or Q. Patrick, the prolific novelist, has, in his play **"Big Fish, Little Fish,"** accurately described a tacky group of intelligent failures who live off their intramural hostilities and psychosexual attachments. This barnacle-society is sustained by a seedily handsome sub-editor named William Baker, who has never capitalized on his talents but who has instead been content to service his odd assortment of run-down friends. Among these are Basil Smythe, a bibulous, rude, and self-centered ex-publisher who lives on the glories of a third-rate past; Jimmie Luton, an art teacher at a girl's college in White Plains, N.Y., who compensates for failure by madly attending concerts; and Edith Maitland, a dowdy married woman whom William obliges with occasional nights of "denatured adultery." The fifth member of this wedded complex is a young man who has orbited from it to the fashionable but ruthless limbo of success. He is Ronnie Johnson, who graduated from editorial assistant to William to author of a wildly successful first novel, and whose reputation has allowed him to become a big-time operator.

Three of these characters are wonderfully described. Martin Gabel makes an unforgettable Basil, giving us both the flabby desperation and the arrogant self-indulgence of the man. George Grizzard plays the heartlessly insincere Ronnie with a nice sense of recognizing the hellish limitations he has accepted as the price of comfort and success. And, as Jimmie, Hume Cronyn portrays his protectiveness of William without debasing his unconsummated homosexuality with swishiness. The roles of Edith and William are more passive, which may account for the fact that Ruth White and Jason Robards, Jr., seem not much more than adequate in them. Mr. Robards is such an intense actor that it is almost impossible to believe that he would ever have accepted without deep anger the ineffectuality of a William Baker.

The play's plot is somewhat less interesting than its characters. William is offered the chance to escape his ineffectual life with a new, lucrative, and exciting editing project that will require that he move from his uncharmed circle to Switzerland. This rupture leads to several moments of truth, anticlimaxed by William's own inconclusive reaction when the whole deal falls through. And, while Mr. Wheeler's dialogue occasionally rises to a good, concise phrase, it often subsides into ordinariness at peak moments.

Sir John Gielgud has directed the play in such a way that it always has a style of its own, and Ben Edwards catches the shabby horror of an apartment that is decorated with assorted gifts and inheritances.

"Big Fish, Little Fish" is a comedy in that it deals with little people, and that it has a fair share of laughs. While its laughs are the sort that remind us of the accumulating sadness that pervades this aquarium of recognizable species, and the action is often slow, muted, and gentle, the aquarium itself is fascinating and worth a visit.

IF YOU like aquariums you may also like museums, and **"The Importance of Being Oscar"** is a remarkable one. In this one-man show, the famous Irish actor Michael MacLiammoir presents us with a romantic style of theatrical performance out of the past. However, the florid artificiality of his speech and gestures is offset by his complete and devoted concentration on the task of presenting his romantic picture of the rise and fall of a man with whom he appears to feel a kinship.

Mr. MacLiammoir begins with the brilliant Oscar, who left Dublin for London, where the overly formal and polite Victorian society made an ideal target for Wilde's wit. Mr. MacLiammoir appears to have made no attempt to choose the best of this wit, but rather has selected those parts of Wilde's writing and conversation that fit the story he wishes to tell. At the end of the gay first act he removes the flower from his buttonhole and melodramatically casts it off, to prepare us for a more somber second act, which explores the period of Wilde's public disgrace, imprisonment, and death. Mr. MacLiammoir seems to be making the point that Wilde's suffering enabled him to become a finer human being and that he emerged from it to lead a rewarding and assured life in Italy and France, and to die gracefully in his Paris hotel suite. There is a good deal of dramatic imagination in all this, but there is no gainsaying that Mr. MacLiammoir has created an unusual and rare museum piece.

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Verdi According to Verchi—Pariente, Gould

IN ONE of his earliest statements to the press, the present director of the Metropolitan Opera promised there would be "no apologies once the curtain goes up." That being the case, one can only conclude that the curtain should not have gone up on the season's first "Don Carlo" or the most recent "Aïda." With or without Bing's consent, there was too much that was apologetic in each, especially at the prices presently imposed on the public.

It has, of course, been a year of unprecedented hardship, beginning with the death of Leonard Warren, and continuing with the calamitous happenings to Jussi Bjoerling and Dimitri Mitropoulos. And short of such mortal blows, there have been major defections for reasons of health by Giulietta Simionato, Jon Vickers, and Leonie Rysanek, as well as interruptions in the activities of Karl Boehm. No repertory company that plans a schedule many months in advance could absorb such a series of misfortunes without sagging some. But the kind of Verdi offered to its patrons lately shows deficiencies unrelated to such hard knocks as these, signs of weakness in supervision as well as execution.

As it happens, the Metropolitan's "Aïda" and "Don Carlo" have several elements in common—scenery by Rolf Gérard, staging by Margaret Webster, musical direction (as of now) by Nino Verchi. Both settings are beginning to age, the "Aïda" more drastically because of harder usage. The interpretation of Miss Webster's ideas for "Aïda" is presently the responsibility of Hans Busch, suggesting that the lack of such credit for "Don Carlo" means that Miss Webster herself was in attendance. If so, the time to deal with the material at her disposal was far too little for results representative of her.

As for Verchi, he commended himself last season for care and musicality in the preparation of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci." After several "Aïdas" and the first "Don Carlo" there is evidence to support the belief that he lacks the assurance and/or knowledge to surmount the problems these works now present at the Metropolitan. In place of animation, there is timidity; instead of artistic purpose, esthetic laissez-faire.

Almost all the singers in this first "Don Carlo" were beset by problems of range, power, or vocal disposition, despite which a resourceful conductor can make his presence powerfully felt. But, lacking such resourceful direction, a dominant characterization of Philip II would have added much, a value not provided by Giorgio Tozzi's first venture in this part. One could admire the care with which he had prepared the part, but his voice was gruff and without sufficient sonority, in a conception that struck me as too elderly. After all, the historical Philip married Elisabeth at thirty-three, and the action of "Don Carlo" follows directly on that occurence. (He also disposed of her and married his fourth wife within ten years!) In any case, his projection lacked the personality (or perhaps merely the proper direction) to give it the prominence it should have. Neither Mary Curtis-Verna, as Elisabetta, nor Irene Dalis, as Eboli, exceeded modest expectations, while Eugenio Fernandi's Don Carlo was replete with all the tiresome shortcomings his season's work has relentlessly exposed. Even Robert Merrill's Posa was an overblown likeness of his once-admirable effort. William Wildermann was the less than Grand Inquisitor.

AS for an "Aïda" in which William Olvis sings Radames, it should be saved for a student matinee, not exposed to an audience paying premium prices. Olvis has technical problems in singing Pinkerton; thus an acceptable Radames from him would be a miracle—of which there are very few on 39th Street. Rosalind Elias made some beautiful sounds in the middle and top range of her voice in her first effort with Amneris, but there was a decided falling away in volume at the bottom, where this character must make some of her most telling points. They could not be told from the immature Miss Elias, whose youth is more a liability than an asset in this role. In short, another substandard element, as was the Amonasro of Cesare Bardelli. Indeed, though Leontyne Price sang her first Aïda here only weeks ago, she was the "veteran" of a cast which should not have happened in a theatre with aspirations to real standards.

Nor is there excuse for giving "Tristan" with so limited a singer as Karl Liebl bearing a major burden. Without Birgit Nilsson, this would have been a wasted four hours. With Liebl barely able to sing the portions of the role required of him (the third act, especially, is abbreviated), it was but a half-wasted one. Taking one thing with another, it would seem imperative for the Metropolitan to put its present house in order, before speculating on the opportunities in a new one.

Pianistic power of the kind exhibited by Marta Pariente, a young Argentinian who made her debut in Town Hall in mid-March, is by no means common among performers of her sex and age (twenty-four), regardless of hemisphere. She presently has problems in bridling it to the best needs of her music, but such spirit, vitality, and sheer instinct for the keyboard are rare. At present Miss Pariente is inclined to stress pianistic values—precision, facility, speed—above other, more musical ones. Thus her definition of a Scarlatti-ish sonata by Mateo Albeniz tended to exaggeration, and the sectional elements of Brahms's variations on a theme of Handel were so isolated as to have little relationship to each other. When the musical and the mechanical worked toward a common end, as in parts of the F minor Ballade of Chopin, something out of the ordinary could be discerned.

GLENN GOULD's eccentricities are so well known as to be an expectable part of his pianistics, discounted in advance. But when they become as obtrusive as they were in his recent versions of the Beethoven G major Concerto with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, they can neither be evaded (by looking away) nor avoided (when he adds vocal counterpoints to the visual ones). Along with a subtle, highly refined conception of this work went a dismaying number of unwanted emphases on inner voices and, in the slow movement, on lines that were no voices at all, as well as a surfeit of abrupt dynamic contrasts.

Bernstein worked valiantly to give his associate what he wanted, though it may be doubted they were in exact agreement that it was just what Beethoven merited. And he performed, with customary distinction, the Bartók "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta" which he knows so well. The four programs also offered a pair of double novelties: Thursday, Friday, and Sunday, "Une Dentelle s'abolit" of Pierre Boulez, in which Marni Nixon voiced the soprano line of the gamelanish score (something of a Gallic "Pierrot Lunaire"); and, on Saturday night, Creston's robustly orchestrated "Janus" (another variant on his prelude-dance formula). Gregory Millar conducted the Boulez, and Russell Stanger the Creston.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Spiritual Life

Continued from page 15

to open our eyes, not to close them, to new and greater truths, found in what has been described as the "Unobstructed Universe."

Mrs. Heywood brings to her study a critical examination of a vast amount of material, and the persons she summons as witnesses stand in the foremost row of brilliant minds in science, the classics, religion, and philosophy. The most fascinating chapters of the book deal with the cross correspondence in which, after their deaths, Henry Sidgwick, Edmund Gurney, and Frederic Myers are believed to have cooperated in communications, through several mediums. These "sensitives" were all of the highest intellectual caliber and unimpeachable honesty, the only professional medium who participated in the cross correspondence being Mrs. Piper. Lord Balfour, who was an expert classical scholar, and Sir Oliver Lodge were among those who made an intensive study of the messages.

These messages which purport to come from Sidgwick, Gurney, and Myers, all classical scholars who had worked together in the founding of the British Society for Psychical Research, fill many volumes. They abound in literary allusions and quotations from both classical and modern languages, "many of them so abstruse that it needed a scholar of the quality of their alleged authors to recognize them."

Throughout the messages one discovers an almost agonizing desire to identify themselves and to prove that they have survived death. Myers writes: "A feeling of terrible impotence burdens me. I am feeble with eagerness. How can I best be identified?" Or take the dedicated intensity shown in this from Gurney: "We have a passionate desire to return to drive into incarnate minds the conviction of our own identity." This brings to mind a remark of William James in our class at Harvard: "If it is possible for those on the other side to communicate with us, it is quite evident that it is as difficult for them to get their messages through as it is for us to get them."

Mrs. Heywood deals with such cases as Patience Worth, the mediumship of Mrs. Gladys Leonard, and the contributions made to ESP by Mrs. Eileen Garrett and Dr. J. B. Rhine. Dr. Rhine has written an interesting introduction to the book.

This reviewer wishes that Mrs. Heywood had included the progress made in this field by religious groups, such as The Churches' Fellowship for Psychical Study, which includes in its membership many of the most distinguished leaders of the Church of England, and Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, which is similar to the British society and has among its officers and members many religious leaders in America.

We have been conditioned too long by mechanistic interpretations of mind, which no longer can meet the searching questions that Mrs. Heywood's book raises. But "the endless seeking after truth" still has its rewards. As Emerson wrote, "God offers to every man the choice between truth and repose. Take which you please; you can never have both." This author challenges her readers to seek truth.

On Flunking a Nice Boy Out of School

By John Ciardi

I WISH I could teach you how ugly
decency and humility can be when they are not
the election of a contained mind but only
the defenses of an incompetent. Were you taught
meekness as a weapon? Or did you discover,
by chance maybe, that it worked on mother
and was generally a good thing—
at least when all else failed—to get you over
the worst of what was coming? Is that why you bring
these sheep-faces to Tuesday?

They won't do.

It's three months' work I want, and I'd sooner have it
from the brassiest lumpkin in pimpledom, but have it,
than all these martyred repentances from you.

Echoes

Continued from page 21

fried oysters for $5, one portion of celery or salad for $2, a pat of butter for $1, a bottle of madeira for $50, and a bottle of ale for $12 probably tells one more what Richmond was really like near war's pitiful end than all the military and political oratory. An absolute must for any Civil War or U. S. history enthusiast.

MILITARY GENIUS: Published sixty-three years ago and accepted by now as one of the authentic works of military science, **"Stonewall Jackson,"** by the British Colonel G. F. R. Henderson (Longmans, Green, $8.95), has been given colorful new presentation for the Centennial. Reading it for the first time, one quickly recognizes the sources of material already encountered in more recent biographies of Lieutenant General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, C.S.A., the Presbyterian tactician who may have been America's greatest military genius.

The enormous value of this amazing book lies in its unending military detail, extracted from original battle reports and studied, it is said, on the sand tables of St. Cyr, Berlin, and Sandhurst long before a postwar West Point curriculum could recognize true military genius in a gray uniform. Present edition comes with handy detached maps of each Jacksonian battlefield from Bull Run to Chancellorsville.

GRAND STRATEGY: "Confederate Strategy from Shiloh to Vicksburg," by Archer Jones (Louisiana State University Press $5), is a pretty rare item in 1961: original Civil War scholarship that is at once readable and fresh. Far more than its title suggests, this superb grand-strategy perspective analyzes, among other important items, the weights and factors that led Lee to invade Pennsylvania early in 1863 rather than attempt to save beleaguered Vicksburg. When Lee lost his Gettysburg gambit in the dreadful heat of early July the Confederacy could no longer hope to win, but only to seek the best possible terms. For this carefully argued intelligence alone, Louisiana State's handsome, well-designed volume is worth a place on any aficionado's bedside table.

CALIFORNIA SIDELINES: Just how many men of military age went West during the Civil War to escape military service cannot be judged, but, as recorded in **"The War in the Far West,"** by Oscar Lewis (Doubleday, $3.95), the facts are that more than 100,000 males

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entered California between 1861 and 1863; many a West Coast editorial demanded that they either be sent back to face their Constitutional duty at the bloody front, or be put to work producing arms, uniforms, food, ammunition, and other material for those who were fighting. Here one encounters the legendary California Column, which made incredible desert treks from Yuma to El Paso to keep the Confederates out of the Southwest; the famous California Hundred sent to fight in Virginia; recruited companies guarding overland stage routes when Federal troops had to be withdrawn for bloodier action to the East; the overwhelming California vote to re-elect Abraham Lincoln in 1864. A valuable sidebar written by a San Franciscan who knows and loves the West and its early history.

SIOUX VS. BANISHED GENERAL: New ground, all of it in the north central West, is plowed in "**The Civil War in the Northwest,**" by Robert Huhn Jones (University of Oklahoma Press, $4). The Dakotas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin are the locale of battle, and the combatants chiefly the Sioux on one side and on the other Major General John Pope, disgraced at Bull Run and banished to the Northwest. This is brand new stuff to most Civil War readers. While not as essential to ultimate Union victory as, say, Antietam, this was nevertheless an important corner of the enormous mural and required the same awesome attention to detail that typifies all true Civil War scholarship, however esoteric.

GIANTS IN TALL BLACK HATS: From Wisconsin, Indiana, and Michigan came the five proud regiments of "**The Iron Brigade**" (Macmillan, $6.95). A contemporary officer wrote of them: "They looked like giants in their tall black hats . . . and giants they were, in action." This was perhaps the most famous unit in the Union Army, equivalent to the Stonewall Brigade. The two brigades clashed head-on at Brawner Farm on August 28, 1862, and, though outnumbered, the Iron Brigade forever earned its name by standing its ground despite the loss of one man in three. Three of the Iron Brigade's regiments were among the highest fifteen in war losses; Seventh Wisconsin stands first on the roll of bravery amongst all Civil War regimentals killed or dead of wounds—almost 20 per cent of its total number. In great detail Alan T. Nolan describes the brigade's splendid actions, properly emphasizing the last stand at Seminary Ridge on July 1, 1863, where the Confederates tried to drive a hole but never a hole was there. Heavily annotated, the volume is of particular interest to readers in the states of the old Northwest Territory.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT: Between 1862 and 1865 Isaac Jackson wrote more than a hundred letters home, collected in "**Some of the Boys,**" edited by Joseph O. Jackson (Southern Illinois University Press, $6.50), in which the former describes the Civil War from a Union soldier's viewpoint. The best of these letters tell what Vicksburg was like at the outer rim of the siege, and of the heartbreak of the post-Appomattox, post-assassination skirmishes in the Deep South—mopping up, it was called in World War II. A collection of Americana not well enough written (one couldn't expect that) to rivet the reader to his seat for long. Amateurish typography and format.

BELEAGUERED BELLE: A twenty-four-year-old girl, Eliza Frances Andrews by name, kept "**The War-Time Journal of a Georgia Girl,**" edited by Spencer Bidwell King, Jr. (Ardivan, $5.50), and wrote of a trip in the days after Sherman cut his swath through Georgia. Some historians rank this diary as one of the most significant to come out of the South, even comparing it with Mary Boykin Chesnut's. But it turns out to be pretty dull reading much of the time, though giving one more point of view on the difficulty in remaining a Southern lady or, for that matter, simply staying alive in 1864-65.

COUNTRY BOY'S CHRONICLE: McCowat-Mercer of Jackson, Tennessee, specializes in monographs and source material in Southern history. In "**Whipt 'Em Everytime,**" edited by William W. Pierson ($3.95), they have reprinted the diary of Bartlett Yancey Malone, Company H, Sixth North Carolina. Almost illiterate, Malone could, nevertheless, tell his facts straight. His awkward spelling and syntax somehow give the sound of truth to this slim but persuasively real nineteenth-century reprint. Of himself young Malone writes: "Bartlett Y. Malone was bornd and raised in North Carolina Caswell County in the Year of our Lord 1838: And was Gradguated in the corn field and tobacco patch: And inlisted in the war June the 18th 1861." Of the hellish "Battle of Gatersburg" (Gettysburg) Malone writes succinctly: "Couldent see what we was a doing."

—Richard L. Tobin.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Erle Stanley Gardner. 2. Rex Stout. 3. Agatha Christie. 4. John Dickson Carr. 5. John Creasey. 6. Ellery Queen. 7. Phoebe Atwood Taylor. 8. Leslie Ford. 9. Dashiell Hammett. 10. H. C. Bailey.

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War—Yes

Continued from page 8

duced interesting by-products such as the neutralism of Indonesia, India, Ceylon, the United Arab Republic and related Islamic states, and the new African state of Ghana and possibly the Congo. This sweep of successful conquest on three continents is as dramatic as any orthodox conquering war.

To offset these achievements, the United States and its allies, functioning through the United Nations, NATO, and other alliances, sought to contain the Russian advance by means other than overt force, while dramatically preparing for force by the development of rockets and missiles, atomic submarines, and other devices.

Thus far the war between the United States and Soviet Russia has been the deployment of force for position. The accession of Cuba to the Soviet Universal State forced upon the United States an immediate response because the territory of the United States became endangered at short range. The use of Cuba as a base for the development of a Latin American Soviet Union, armed not for a universal war but to establish local governments antagonistic to the United States, forced upon the United States responsive action of a nature that could lead to a universal war. This is not a preventive but a retaliatory action designed to drive Soviet Russia out of Latin America. This is no longer a war for position, but for retaliation.

THERE are those who believe, as they have believed since 1917, that it is possible to avoid war with the Soviet Universal State. They retreated before each of the Soviet war efforts, except the unification of Berlin and Germany and one or two other minor engagements. They permitted Soviet Russia to build a universal empire when all other empires, except the Portuguese, were being dissipated. They permitted Red China to take over Tibet, to move toward Ladakh and Nepal, to infiltrate Burma, Indonesia, and the former Indochina peninsula without adequate resistance. There was, however, inadequate and politically incompetent resistance when Red China sought to conquer Korea as a step toward the conquest of Japan.

The historical facts establish beyond doubt that every space on this earth that cannot resist Soviet Russia, or where Soviet Russia cannot be resisted by the West, is captured, conquered, and taken by the Soviet Universal State. This process has been continuous since 1939 when the Hitler-Stalin alliance called for a division of the earth between the Nazi and the Communist. It has been continuous since then.

"What shall I prepare for dinner, just in case . . . ?"

The alternative to war has been conference, but it is not a realistic alternative because, while conferences are being held, Soviet Russia moves into new positions. Khrushchev's presence at the United Nations in no manner lessened Soviet movements into the Congo, Ghana, Guinea, Cuba, Panama, Venezuela, Guatemala, Honduras, and Mexico. At the very time when Soviet Russia seeks another Summit conference, the United States is forced to deploy naval vessels and men to protect the Americas from Soviet Russia.

This is not an "act short of war." It is an act of war covered by political persiflage. Whenever the instruments of war of one nation are ordered to use force on its behalf or on behalf of another nation, an act of war has been ordered, and in political terms has taken place.

The capacity to make war is essential to the existence of a nation, its standard of life, and its civilization. Nations that fall in war do not necessarily disappear from geography but they are reduced in the level of civilization. A comparison of the Persia of Cyrus with the Iran of today or the Turkey of Suleiman the Magnificent with the Turkey of today, or the Spain of Charles V with the Spain of today tells the story of defeated countries whose peoples have had their noses rubbed in the rubble of history. One might even compare the glories of the British Empire of Queen Victoria with the Great Britain of today to realize the perils of Pyrrhic wars and actual defeats.

The conqueror of World War II is Soviet Russia; that country, having stupefied and suborned its allies, turned upon them and made war by novel and unorthodox means. The other nations, particularly West Germany, France, and the United States, are now ready to retaliate. Therefore war is inevitable, because there is no available alternative except capitulation, which neither sic' can accept. War can be continuous. The Red Chinese plan that it will be continuous until all non-Marxist systems collapse and the Kremlin conquers the world. Conquest by unorthodox means is war, just as surely as conquest by orthodox means is. It is by the use of unorthodox weapons and tactics that war is being conducted this very day.

Beagles

By John Ciardi

BEAGLES have big eyes and wet noses
and when they fall in love with any
part of humanity they stay there
as if it were important.

Had beagles as much sense as incest
in their pedigrees, they might learn
maybe
to squint a little and to wipe their noses
when they look at what they take for
God.

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War—No

Continued from page 10

from the East was a valid concern for Russia in the nineteenth century, it carries even greater weight in the latter half of the twentieth century. By the end of the century, the population of China will be in excess of 1,200,000,000 people. China has been restoring millions of acres of eroded land to productivity, and she has been scoring impressive gains in the agricultural yield in existing farmland. But the rate of population increase has been moving faster than the increase in the food supply.

Southeast Asia is already overcrowded; it is doubtful that the population spillover would be in that direction. The heartland of Siberia is one of the few Asian areas rich enough to sustain a large population influx.

IN any event, the emergence of two national Goliaths, both adhering to Communist ideology but impelled by natural forces in different directions, was not anticipated by Karl Marx. The Soviet ideological leaders have therefore interpreted Marx's ideas about world socialist unity in the light of their own national requirements.

In short, where ideological adherence and national purpose come into conflict, national purpose tends to prevail.

Another example of this can be observed on the economic level.

The USSR, like the United States, measures the strength of its economic system by its productivity. In those cases where productivity, strictly following Marxist orthodoxy, is not as high as it should be, the orthodoxy is modified. The Soviet economy has developed into a blend of socialization at the level of public service and national capitalism at the level of production. The state is the investor and entrepreneur; it seeks maximum productivity and uses capital as the medium of exchange by which people are paid for producing and by which the goods are sold.

The need to be productive has resulted in incentives for labor. And the existence of incentives has resulted in adoption of certain capitalistic procedures, albeit under state auspices. Laborers in many instances are paid on a piecework basis, with substantial bonuses where quotas have been met or surpassed.

In agriculture, orthodox ideological measures led to inadequate productivity. Hence the orthodoxy was severely modified. Farmers are now permitted to own small tracts of their own, the yield from which they may use or sell as they wish. They still have to work the land that is collectively owned. But the rewards are high for those who exceed the quotas. Extra payments and cash bonuses are given to the especially productive. This in turn has resulted in some discrepancies in living standards and purchasing power.

A number of features in the Soviet economy do not now conform to classical Marxist ideology; but the point is that the ideology has been made flexible enough to embrace what the Soviet leaders consider to be a larger purpose.

The same is probably true on the international level in the making of peace.

There is scope neither for ideological fulfillment nor national purpose in nuclear suicide. It therefore becomes as mandatory for the Soviet Union as it is for everyone else to dispose of the danger of war and proceed with its objectives by other means.

Obviously, the Soviet Union would like to have the terms of peace serve its long-range purposes. But it is to her own self-interest to have a durable peace even if it confers no special advantage.

Now we come to a consideration of the Soviet Union in its actions and reactions as a nation.

AS a nation, the Soviet Union is first of all a fully sovereign state, affected by all the historical considerations that traditionally govern the jockeying for power and security in the world arena. The quest for alliance or balance of power or supremacy of one sort or another is a basic characteristic of the sovereign state. Ever since human society arranged itself in groups, the pattern has remained substantially the same.

Nations exhibit all the variable characteristics of people. Some have been content with modest size and achievements. Others have been acquisitive and insatiable. Some have been eager only to live quietly and unobtrusively. Others have been noisy and obnoxious. Some have sought only self-sufficiency. Others have been predatory, ruthless, aggressive.

Despite this range of behavior, one historic fact clearly emerges. The larger a nation, the more certain it is to get involved in traffic problems with other large nations. It seeks economic power and prosperity and, like an individual, it tries to get the best bargains in its dealings with others. But, unlike the individual, it is not restrained by properly constituted agencies of law in the way it goes about advancing its interests. And when those interests come into conflict with the interests of others, the absence of a tribunal with compulsory jurisdiction adds to the natural determination of a nation to stand its ground or assert its position.

Similarly, the pursuit of security is a precarious and volatile enterprise. The small nation or even the large unarmed one has had no protection against the acquisitive, aggressive nation. This has led to treaty arrangements, coalitions, balance-of-power attempts, large armaments. Here, too, the absence of a code backed by enforcement agencies has not protected the peace-loving state against aggression. Neither has the armed but nonaggressive large state been protected against the tensions of insecurity.

As a nation, the Soviet Union has made decisions and taken action that would have been made and taken quite apart from its underlying ideology or political philosophy. A large part of the foreign policy of the Soviet Union, in fact, has come forward in a straight line from the policy under Czarist Russia. The need for a military cushion in Central Europe; the fear of Germany; the determination to have outlets on the Baltic and the Black Sea; the apprehension over the encroaching population pressure from China—all these were in evidence long before the Communist Revolution. The existence of a world ideology may have modified or enhanced some of the purposes or objectives or the way in which they are met, but the sovereign concerns are substantially what they have been all along.

The fact that the Soviet Union has invoked the veto in the United Nations Security Council so frequently may be less a reflection of its ideology than of its sovereignty. It was the United States, and not the Soviet Union, that proposed the veto for the U. N. Security Council. This was no more a projection of the democratic political philosophy of the United States than the frequent use of the veto by the Soviet Union was a projection of Marxian dogma. In both cases, the right of ultimate national decision was being upheld.

It is also true that neither the Soviet Union nor the United States nor any of the other major nations has come forward to propose an abolition of the veto as part of a system of compulsory jurisdiction inside a revamped United Nations. All the large nations have resisted the need to subordinate their sovereignty to a world organization, or even to consider what the circumstances would be that would enable them to have confidence in the ability of a world organization to create just standards of national behavior and justly to enforce them.

On the national level, therefore, the questions concerning the willingness of

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the Soviet Union to accept a structured peace are valid ones, but they apply with perhaps equal cogency to all the major nations. This doesn't make the task any easier, but it at least helps to identify the main problem. If a structured peace is to become a reality, the fallacies and dangers of unfettered national sovereignty will have to be met by many nations and not just by one or two.

SINCE the sovereign state, whatever its ideology, will be reluctant to modify itself, it becomes essential for peoples to help shape the national decisions. Obviously, this is much more likely in countries enjoying free expression of public opinion than in those that do not. Even so, no nation can insulate itself entirely from the ferment of world opinion. No nation, however efficient its sound-proofing mechanism, can silence all the reverberations of a world debate on the requirements of human survival. Nothing is more mysterious in human affairs than the penetrating power of great ideas.

A consensus in favor of a governed world is not going to take place overnight. But everything begins with advocacy and debate. Just in the process of arguing the great ideas, a new context for the human situation begins to emerge.

In this new context, the Soviet Union will not be called upon to make any concessions that all the others will not have to make.

If the Soviet Union is basically motivated by considerations of security, then only a world organization with adequate powers to underwrite the common safety and the independence of all nations will be able to provide such security.

If the Soviet is motivated by expansionist goals, only a greatly strengthened United Nations will be able to cope with it.

Similarly, if the Soviet Union believes in disarmament, only a strong United Nations will be able to bring it about, and, what is more important, be able to enforce it.

Neither the Soviet Union nor anyone else will be expected to give up its national identity, its cultural pattern, or its political philosophy. Indeed, its independence will be assured by the U. N.

What the Soviet Union *will* have to give up—as will all the others—is the ability to wage nuclear war and surprise attack. Moreover, it will have to submit to the jurisdiction of a world society on those matters concerning the common safety and welfare of the human commonwealth.

Since the alternative is likely to be no world at all—for the Soviet Union or anyone else—there is a reasonable prospect that the proposal may be seriously considered.

The recent action of the Prime Ministers of the British Commonwealth in advocating the creation of essential machinery for outlawing war would seem to indicate that the idea is neither impossibly remote nor hopelessly visionary.

A structured peace—effective law through a revamped United Nations—will not of itself put an end to political or economic or ideological competition in the world. It will not create compatibility where none now exists. What it can do is to make the world safe for its diversity and clear the stage for nonviolent competition among the great forces of the world.

Even if a governed world can be devised, it will not represent the ultimate in human aspiration and achievement. The problem of more people than the world can creatively sustain—a problem that will press heavier with each passing year; the problem of scarcity in most areas and superabundance in a few; the problem of unresolved geographic boundaries and contested territories; the problem of freedom for those countries still under outside rule; the problem of refugees; the problem of mandated territories; the problem of minorities; the problem of world health—all these problems will continue, some of them in intensified form, even though a governed world can be brought into being.

The only difference will be that for the first time the world's peoples will have available to them the rational means for dealing with basic issues and tensions among nations. Fixed limits will be set to the character of the competition among conflicting ideologies. Most significantly, the preponderance of the world's energies will be released for an attack on its basic needs—food, health, education.

In any event, not until proposals for a governed world are put before the United Nations with full seriousness of purpose does the question "What about Russia?" become totally relevant. And even though the initial response may be negative, the fact of such proposals constitutes a vital rallying ground in themselves. For they represent the greatest cause on earth—the cause of human society made safe for itself.

War need not be inevitable. We need not be defeatist about our ability to preserve the values of a free society while averting a nuclear tragedy. We can achieve peace and freedom if—

We stop regarding war as inevitable;

We make the pursuit of peace the number one order of business before the nation;

We recognize that our security rests not on the accumulation of force but on the control of force in the world;

We diligently and energetically explore every opening, however slight, of *effective* agreements that could end the nuclear arms race;

We regard the United Nations as the proper and essential vehicle for creating a durable peace in which the world may be made safe for its diversity;

We make the strengthening of the United Nations the basic and overriding objective of our foreign policy—that is, a United Nations with adequate authority to make and enforce world law;

We are just as much concerned about the making of a better world as we are about a safer one.

You Too

By William Stafford

DOWN from rock to shale to sand
then land so tentative the water owns it
America verges out and smothers
into waves, then one long wave, then deep,
and out from where we thought we were
an airplane has fallen through our sleep.

When sand erodes to dust, then dust erodes—
the rest belongs to elements too international
to form a shore against whatever wave
comes meaning anything from anywhere.
We have not been the land we thought we were.
We awake and smother in the deep.

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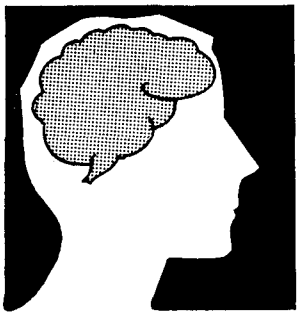

—Doug Anderson, after Cornell.

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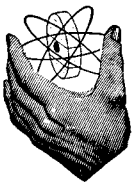
SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • The Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait LXI • Science in Books

ARTICLE: "Their (Un)appointed Rounds."

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

A NEW LOOK AT THE HUMAN MIND

A BABY is born with the knowledge of how to breathe, how to swallow, how to cry, how to fall asleep and how to wake up again.

Where in its brain is this information kept, and by what marvelous mechanism is it put there, brought out and used when needed, then put back for further reference later?

As soon as the baby grows old enough to distinguish the faces of people around him, he is able to recognize the same face when he sees it at different times and places under different circumstances.

How is this feat performed?

That the processes involved are intricate is beyond any doubt. The organism achieving them is incredibly complex. Yet surgeons can find no sensible relation between the location and extent of an injury to the brain and the amount and kind of behavioral change brought about by the hurt.

What explains this mystery?

Answers to these three questions are missing from the archives of science. Until man can write them into the books, he cannot claim really to understand the workings of his own mind. Prospects of reaching such understanding through established theories of brain function are not promising. For all these theories hold that the electrical impulses that make up our mental activity are transmitted and organized into meaningful messages by nerve cells called neurons. From all the data that have been accumulated about neurons, it must be concluded that they operate at speeds measured in thousandth parts of a second. And no experimenter has been able to figure out how to arrange such short-lived reactions into patterns that will retain memories intact for hours, days, months, years, even generations of time.

If neurons cannot be so arranged, and if neuron cells are the only conveyors of brain messages, then the human mind is closed to further exploration. But hope and faith are at least as vital to science as they are to religion. Dr. Robert Galambos, a neurophysiologist at Walter Reed Army Institute of Research in Washington, D.C., had to believe that there were available pathways to understanding of the brain if he could only find them. Of what could the paths consist, if not of neurons? Dr. Galambos could see only one possibility: the second kind of cells that constitute the brain—the non-neurons, or glia cells.

Glia cells outnumber neuron cells in the brain, ten or more to one. The electron microscope has revealed what was not suspected before: that glial cell cytoplasm takes up an astonishingly large share of the brain's volume. "An untutored observer constructing for himself a model of the brain from electron microscope pictures alone might well describe . . . [the brain] . . . as a huge collection of glia cells through which a nerve process occasionally wanders," Dr. Galambos writes in the January issue of Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences. Even the long nerve conduits of the neurons —the axons—are clothed in delicate glia membranes.

IN SPITE of its ubiquity, the glia cell has never been seriously considered as the seat of long-term memory, association of ideas, formation of concepts and making of judgments. Dr. Galambos suggests that it should be.

"The glia cells," he postulates, "act in some unknown manner to organize neurons." The electron miscroscope image of glia surrounding, investing and attaching to every part of the nerve network may explain "precisely what enables neurons to transmit coherent, organized messages." Glia could receive incoming impulses and arrange them in desired order before sending them on. If this concept is the right one, the brain without the glia would be like an electronic computer operating at random for lack of instructions; the glia "tell" the neurons what to do and when and how to do it.

"How . . . could the glia cells become so wise?" Dr. Galambos asks. "An answer buttressed by experiment does not come easily, but then neither does one that tells us how the undifferentiated cell develops during embryology into a liver or a gonad. Genetic mechanisms residing in glia cells could cause them to organize my neurons so that I breathe and remember just as genetic mechanisms actually keep my hair growing out brown in color year after year. This statement is not confirmed—nor is it contradicted —by any experiment I know."

IN THE developing human embryo, the first neurons and the first glia cells of the brain come into being at the same time. Dr. Galambos believes that their interaction and the division of labor between them begins at that moment. In support of his view, he cites experiments in which the eyes of fish have been transplanted from one socket to another; in spite of the change from the right to the left side of the head, the nerves of the eye regenerate and vision returns as if the eye "were still in its original site." "If I suppose the glia of the retina . . . 'knows' where its neurons are supposed to be and how they are to act," he observes, "the glia would then physically guide and physiologically control the neurons in that eye from be-

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ginning to end of the animal's life, and the surgical intervention of the experimenters merely provides another opportunity for that glia to do what its genes demand."

Such a state of affairs would explain why it is possible to cut all sorts of neuronal connections in the brain without creating chaotic behavior in the animal to which the brain belongs. It could also explain certain brain wave patterns that have long mystified researchers into the complexities of sleep, brain tumors and epilepsy. It might even resolve the central puzzle of hibernation, the state of suspended animation in which bats, hamsters, ground squirrels and several other mammals drop their body temperatures well toward zero centigrade and practically cease neural activity—yet later wake and go about their business as if nothing had happened to their nervous systems, "promptly exhibiting . . . normal repertoire of complex behavior, much of which must have been previously learned. Near-abolition of nervous activity thus fails at every point to destroy . . . knowledge of what to do to survive and to reproduce."

Dr. Galambos does not claim originality for his thesis. The idea of a glial switchboard in the brain making connections for thinking, remembering, forgetting, imagining and acting was put into a book, *Vom Schaltwerk der Gedanken,* by a physician named Schleich thirty years ago. Now Dr. Galambos thinks the time has come to test the idea, to determine by experiment whether it is the glia cells—not neurons—which react to drugs.

By an illuminating coincidence, I read Dr. Galambos' paper in the National Academy Proceedings on the same day that I read other papers on brain research presented at a symposium sponsored by the Schering drug company. In one of these latter, Holger Hyden offers an impressive array of data to demonstrate that glia cells and neurons act together biochemically. When enzyme activity is high in the neurons, it is low in the glia. The alternating mechanism strongly suggests that the glia gives to the neurons when the neurons are under stress—an operation that could be analogous to the responsibility that accompanies authority in any effective organization. And the genetically involved RNA molecule plays an active role in the whole business, in accord with Dr. Galambos' new theory.

ONE of a number of famous students of human behavior who participated in the Schering symposium (the levels at which the discussions took place was far above the loud and insistent sales drum beating that goes on at most such meetings under drug manufacturing sponsorship) was D. O. Hebb of McGill University in Montreal. He took off on what at first seemed to be an interplanetary space travelogue.

"The air-breathing inhabitants of this planet must appear (to onlookers elsewhere in the universe) as the occupants of a goldfish bowl who now, for the first time, seem to be on the verge of getting out of the bowl," he began. As the gold-fish would have to do under like circumstances, man must arrange to take along with him a segment of his physical environment: the air at the bottom of which he lives.

But, Dr. Hebb cautions, "This is only part of the problem. The sensory environment of Earth, it seems, must also be simulated to some degree if man in space is to continue to be man as we know him, man the sensitive observer, man the efficient agent, Man the thinker."

THE functioning of the mind, that is to say, is as dependent on psychological or sensory encouragement as the working of the brain cells depends on physical nourishment of the hereditary raw-stuff. Reasoning at the high levels intelligent men pride themselves on can be achieved during growth "only as a function of complex sensory stimulation" and "once established it is maintained only in the presence of such stimulation".

Although evidence for this proposition is incomplete, it "points in one direction only" and "is quite sufficient to invalidate classical—but tacit—assumptions . . . with immediately practical implications".

In the classical view the mind is something distinct from sensory processes. The latter are thought of only as sources of information for the mind to use or not, at its pleasure. "Whether my mind is receiving such information or not, I would still be I, the same person, whether or not in communication with my environment."

To refute this concept, Dr. Hebb gives results of experiments with vigorous young male college students who were made comfortable, fed on request, "but cut from that bombardment of sensory information to which, normally, we are all exposed all the time". Lying in comfortable beds or floating in lukewarm water, wearing goggles that prevent pattern vision, they were not in darkness but could see nothing, could hear nothing but a steady hum (again a loss of sensory patterns and meaning); nor could they examine their environment tactually because of shielding over the hands that permitted enough movement to maintain physical comfort but did not permit touch perception. For some hours this deprivation had little effect. After that the subjects became restless and unhappy. Some of them had thought to make use of the

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A Note on Polio

DURING the month of March, 1961, the President of the United States, John F. Kennedy, announced that in the name of the American people he had authorized a gift of Salk "killed virus" polio vaccine to the people of Cuba to fight a polio epidemic on that unhappy island.

At least one physician who heard of the President's action wired the White House an immediate warning that the Salk vaccine is known to be ineffective in stopping the spread of a going epidemic.

The warning wire pointed out that the Russian wooers of Cuba's Fidel Castro are well acquainted with the superior effectiveness of oral live virus vaccines (the Sabin vaccine is only one of three) developed in this country and used widely in the USSR but not yet available here.

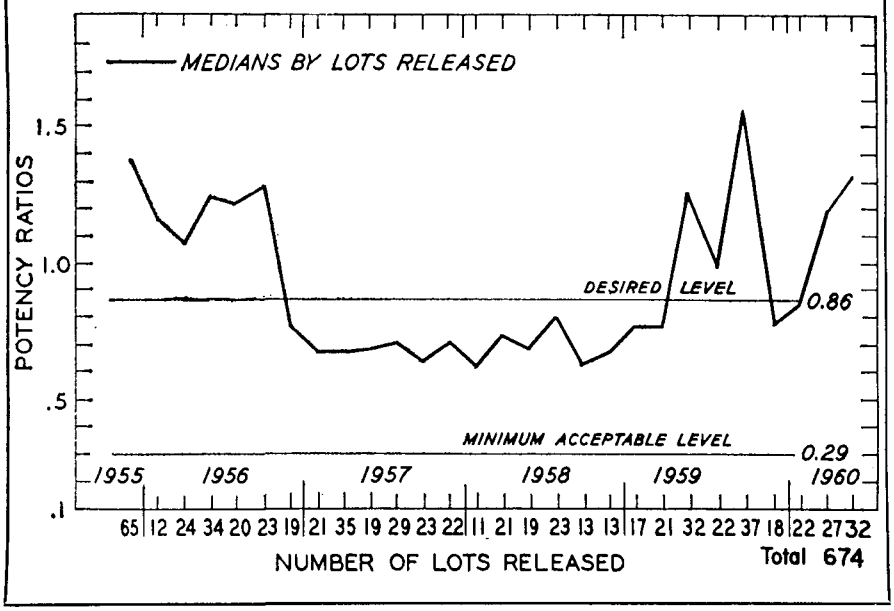
It was after that wire was delivered that President Kennedy asked the Congress to appropriate special funds for a stand-by supply of oral live virus polio vaccine.

Who gave the President the poor advice that led to the meaningless gift to Cuba?

SR's Science Editor does not pretend to know. But normal routes of responsibility in such matters lead to the U. S. Public Health Service, which, along with the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, has been pushing the Salk vaccine.

Around the same time that the President was being taken off balance, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* published, in answer to a doctor-reader's question, a statement by Dr. Herbert Ratner, public health officer of Oak Park, Ill. ("largest village in the world"), that "it is now recognized that much of the Salk vaccine used in the United States has been worthless. . . . because it is an unstandardized product of an unstandardized process."

In a later issue of the *Journal* there appeared a series of articles in which three U. S. Public Health officials chorused that (1) the Salk vaccine's value had been greatly over-estimated and (2) the vaccine was still highly effective. Among the documents offered was the following graph, which shows the Salk vaccine's effect on Type 1 polio—the type that causes most polio epidemics—below "the desired level" most of the time since the vaccine was issued in 1955:



From this and other experimental data Dr. Hebb counts it as proved that "A complete control (not to say suppression) . . . of the mind . . . would be achieved by bringing children up in a radically restricted environment". Human societies are, in fact, such environments, made up of rules of custom, courtesy, morals and religion, enforced principally by various formal or informal educational devices during growth and supplemented at maturity by ostracism or the law court. "What we call civilization is a kind of behavioral cocoon which fosters the illusion that civilized man is by nature calm, dispassionate and logical. This is illusion only, but on it rests most of our discussions of how to deal with the great social problems. . . .

"THE mind is not an absolute, whose properties are the same in radically different circumstances: what we are really talking about is mind in an accustomed social environment, and more particularly a social environment that we consider to be the normal one. It is easy to forget this, and the means by which it is achieved."

Thought control, in other words, should not be considered "only as a malign influence exerted over the innocent by foreigners. Communists and other evil fellows." It is an instrument to be used consciously on behalf of those aims and values that are worth making uniform. In these days of swiftly shrinking geography, it must be employed to encourage "increasing emotional tolerance of the stranger, the one who differs from me in looks, beliefs or action.

"The accepted approach to this problem—the notion that prejudice has to be learned, arising in the first place from economic pressure—is entirely unsound psychologically. Attempts to deal with it on that basis are without hope of success. We are dealing instead with that puzzling reaction of the mammal to the strange, about which, unfortunately, we still know too little." Though behavioural research of the last fifteen years has confirmed the absence in man of an instinct to war, it has at the same time confirmed his enjoyment of trouble and trouble-making. Society's problem is to find ways to give him opportunity for excitement that won't harm others. The thought control of the future must not be based, as thought control has been based in the past, "on the fundamental misconception that man is essentially a rational animal" able to behave sanely in the midst of insanity.

For the possible future role of mathematics in the freeing of the mind, turn this page ►► —JOHN LEAR
Science Editor

atmosphere of peace and meditation for review of their studies and to plan research. But they found they could not do any connected thinking of any kind. Being free to leave the experiment at will, many left early. Others, being hard up and finding the pay attractive, stayed until their mental processes were extensively disordered. Some had elaborate visual hallucinations. Some suffered sudden sharp temper tantrums or attacks of claustrophobia. Some felt disturbances of the self-concept, such as apparent possession of two bodies, the feeling that the head had parted company from the neck, or the illusion of an immaterial mind detached from the body and wandering about in space.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Rand

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

There was a time, immediately after the modern high-speed computer — the so-called electronic brain—came into being, when mathematicians believed they could discover some of the secrets of the human mind by studying the behavior of the fantastic counting machines they had invented. This dream faded gradually with the passage of time until now it is recognized that computers can do only what they are told how to do and that any secrets they pry out of the minds that instruct them will be mere confirmatory reflections of the one known source of thought. If computers ever match man's ability to make flash choices among myriads of alternatives, they will do so by following man's advice. The advice is not presently forthcoming because man does not know how to give it; he cannot analyze his own most complex thought processes.

RICHARD E. BELLMAN
The Rand Corporation

WE are surrounded and occasionally inundated by a sea of problems which we resolve to greater or lesser extents. Engrossed as we are by the constant challenge of research, and sometimes dismayed by our failures, we usually overlook the intrinsic difficulty of a multitude of problems which we encounter and overcome almost effortlessly. So accustomed have we become to the performance of that marvelously supple instrument, the human mind, that it is only when we attempt to construct the simplest replica that we realize the true magnitude of the miracles it performs for us daily.

To illustrate these remarks, let us consider a very simple type of decision process confronting an executive, or a foreman, or anyone who manages a group of people. Suppose he is required to assign ten different men to ten different jobs. In attempting to determine the most efficient allocation of men to tasks, we could try enumerating all possible assignments. Since the first man can be assigned to any of ten different jobs, the second to any of nine remaining jobs, and so on, it is easy to see that the total number of possible assignments is $10 \times 9 \times 8 \times 7 \times 6 \times 5 \times 4 \times 3 \times 2 = 3{,}628{,}000$.

We see then that one alternative has been chosen from a total of 3,628,000. This number is not particularly small, but it is also not uncomfortably large. An electronic computer can easily be directed to examine all alternatives and to choose an optimal assignment.

If the problem is enlarged in an apparently inessential way to require that twenty men be assigned to twenty jobs, the total number of different ways in which the assignment can be made is now $20 \times 19 \times 18 \times \ldots \times 2$. This *is* a large number. Had we an imaginary computer which could examine one million cases per second, over 500,000 years would be required to complete the enumeration of all possibilities in this simple assignment problem!

It's easy to propose other problems of apparently simple nature which introduce numbers of possibilities by comparison with which the number described above is an infinitesimal. The question of choosing optimal routes across country is one such; the problem of determining optimal play at chess is another, and this problem is simple compared to that of the Japanese game of Go.

It is clear from this brief discussion that the brain possesses certain remarkable techniques which enables it to pick its way surefootedly through universes of alternatives. What is the secret?

We are tempted to answer: "Logic." In the classroom, in texts, and in much popular writing on science, continual homage is paid to the scientific method as a technique for problem-solving. Let us dwell upon these matters for a moment.

We know how to analyze a syllogism such as:

> "Few movie queens marry baseball players; few baseball players are playwrights; therefore, few movie queens remain married to playwrights."

To establish statement Z starting from premise A, we start in the standard fashion by showing that A implies B, that B implies C, and so tediously and painstakingly to Z. This step-by-step reasoning is early crammed into our faintly resisting skulls as the very model of a mental process. Such simple chains of one-dimensional type are indeed occasionally useful in convincing a patient listener of the truth of a known result, but they seldom furnish the lifeline of research, a pattern of discovery for new results.

In order to make that crucial jump from the data to the solution, an additional ingredient is required, a quintessence called variously "creativity" or "inspiration."

Equally as disturbing as the inadequacy of formal logic is its unreliability. Many nasty and unresolved paradoxes can be generated in embarrassingly simple ways. The existence of these exasperating conundrums make us reluctantly aware that the paradigms of logic must be used with great care. Consider the following.

> Suppose that a certain town has one and only one barber, and that the town council decrees that the barber must shave those and only those who do not shave themselves. Who shaves the barber?

Now it is always rather stimulating to think about thinking, and even to think about thinking about thinking. Why are we particularly concerned currently?

Because of the modern digital computer. This device, which some feared would dry up human ingenuity and stifle human thought, has brought about a fantastic renaissance of interest in all fundamental areas covered with thought and thinking.

IN dealing with human assistants to our thinking, we are accustomed to say, "Give me a quick and dirty answer to the following question," and to expect the answer in a reasonable time. In order to use a computer in a corresponding fashion, however, we dare not employ language so loosely. We must give the machine very precise instructions down to the most minute detail. We must very carefully spell out the problem, and then, what is far worse, we must clearly and meticulously explain what we mean by a "solution."

At the present time, the only language we know how to use for communication with computers is formal logic. We have just seen that formal logic may take too long, may not even come up with a solution, and may even yield incorrect results. On the other hand, we have pointed out

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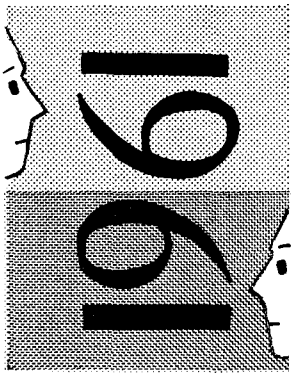
Few persons are better qualified through experience to discuss this challenge to human intelligence than Dr. Richard E. Bellman, a senior staff member of the mathematics department of the Rand Corporation at Santa Monica, Calif. He has fitted formulae to radar, to sound, and to atomic explosions. A few years ago his work opened a whole new field of applied mathematics now known as dynamic programming. Currently, his major interest is explanation in mathematical terms of the human body's use of drugs to fight cancer.

What Dr. Bellman sees on the frontier of the mind can only be suggested in the limited space below. In the illustration to the right of these words, artist Doug Anderson has attempted to visualize the way in which two realms of science can look in opposing directions through the spectacles of contradictory theories and still see one and the same thing clearly.



—*Doug Anderson*

that the brain has the power to handle problems of unbelievable complexity.

We realize then that only when we understand something of the working of the brain, of its memory or memories, of its powers of perception and recognition, and above all of its power to create new ideas, will we be able to use a digital computer to something like full capacity.

THE ability of the mind to contemplate and answer questions of the types we have already described would lead us to believe that we unconsciously use logical systems quite different from those now known. If we wish to tackle these same problems with digital computers, we must develop many new types of logical systems to use as languages in addressing the machines.

That these logical systems do not yet exist is not at all surprising. After all, relativity theory, which is completely nonintuitive, did not exist before physicists encountered velocities far greater than those met in ordinary experience. Similarly, the principle of uncertainty of quantum mechanics was forced upon us only when the infinitesimally small was studied. And to treat in some fashion the irritatingly vague problems which constantly arise in the physical world, the mathematician invented the theory of probability.

The theory of probability enables us to treat in a precise fashion processes where the outcome of an action is not uniquely determined. It can be used to determine how to bluff at poker and how to build a nuclear furnace.

What is remarkable about this theory is that we appear to relinquish an essential aspect of physics, the principle of cause and effect. In return, we obtain a precise way of dealing with problems which are vaguely or imprecisely formulated.

If we relinquish cause and effect in a good cause (as we do in probability theory), and if we relinquish simultaneity and the ability to measure precisely (as we do in quantum mechanics), why should we be so rigid about consistency and rationality?

May we not wish to give up the requirement that a technique be uniformly valid albeit slow in arriving at an answer, in return for a method which obtains a correct result very often, and quickly?

Would not a collection of such methods be extremely powerful?

On a broader basis, in the consideration of problems in the artistic, economic and psychological spheres involving vaguely formulated problems with mutually inconsistent factors present, is it reasonable to attempt to resolve these with completely consistent logics? Can we expect answers and patterns of solutions which are on a higher rational level than the statement of the problem?

Before the reader is unpleasantly aroused by what appears to be a very cavalier attitude toward "truth" and "logical reasoning," let me hasten to point out that the physicist acts in the manner described above every day of his life. At his disposal in his continued attempt to understand basic physical phenomena are two fundamental theories: the theory of relativity and the theory of quantum mechanics. Both theories are by now buttressed by an overwhelming array of experimental and theoretical evidence. Yet the two are mutually contradictory. The theory of relativity is based upon a deterministic view of the universe which asserts that the future is uniquely determined by the present. Quantum mechanics not only repudiates this statement, but repudiates the existence of any exact measurement of the present!

Using the theories separately where each applies best, or in some weird combinations, the physicist continues his happy, cheerful way. Rather than blighting physics, these compromises have resulted in a flowering of science undreamt of in the nineteenth century.

WHY is it necessary to make these compromises? Can we not have consistent systems which yield unified theories of the universe?

One answer to these natural and reasonable questions is the following. In truly complex situations, of the kind met with in any study of basic phenomena, we must start our scientific exploration with the construction of a simple physical picture or "model" of causes and effects. The Newtonian theory of gravitation is one such model and the Bohr theory of the atom is another. Gradually, over time, we use the same ideas and equations to study related phenomena. This process is carried on independently and simultaneously in many different areas of science. The result is that at any particular time we possess a number of different theories. As long as the different areas do not overlap, there is little philosophical distress. But the more successful the theories, the further they overlap their original boundaries. Eventually, two theories can be invoked to study the same area. Then, we see a head-on clash of ideas, conflicts of interpretation and inconsistency of axioms.

Similarly, it may be true that in the study of the far more difficult problems arising in thinking and creativity, we may be forced to use conflicting and inconsistent logical systems in a simultaneous attack. If this be true, let us make the best of it. All indications are of a dawning new era in science, one that will bring to man a further emancipation of his imagination.

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A Progress Report on the Exploration of Peace

ONE month after the election of President John F. Kennedy last November, SR's Science Editor scanned the new frontier that the people's decision had opened for science. On it he saw a great exploring party being mobilized for peace.

Much of the fate of the exploration depended on the authority the President would rest in his top science advisor of the election campaign: physicist Jerome B. Wiesner, a professor on the Massachusetts Institute of Technology faculty and a member of President Eisenhower's Science Advisory Committee.

Professor Wiesner was known to believe very strongly, and to be in such a financially independent position as to act fearlessly in expression of the belief, that before it could expect peace the American people would have to retrieve control of its affairs from the warrior mentality.

Professor Wiesner since has been appointed to the post of Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology, and his influence has been felt in many directions.

The pattern of action has been reassuringly consistent with the one discernable in December.

A UNIQUE focus of military power at the time the new President entered the White House was the Atomic Energy Commission. Because of the ubiquitous authority vested in it by special act of Congress, the AEC by dragging its own feet in any move toward peace could drag other feet lock-step fashion in the State Department and the Pentagon.

Little notice has been paid in print to what has happened at the AEC since January 20. Yet the happenings are of revolutionary import.

There is, first of all, a new Chairman, with a distinctly liberal turn of mind: Dr. Glenn Seaborg, former chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley. Dictatorial tendencies are foreign to him, and he and his fellow Commissioners do much more of the Commission's work as a group now than used to be done; they hold informal meetings to exchange ideas almost every morning, and sometimes oftener than once a day. They deal with the AEC staff as a Commission now, instead of dealing, as they did during the hegemony of Admiral Lewis S. Strauss, through the office of the Chairman. They have, indeed, gone further than that and have weakened the old military structure of the staff by splitting up its duties. Licensing and regulation of peacetime users of the atom is today in the hands of a separate director, Harold L. Price, who reports directly to the Commission instead of through the AEC general manager, A. R. Luedecke.

This last maneuver must be ranked as a holding action only. The full promise of atoms-for-peace obviously cannot be fulfilled until the perils of atomic radiation are judged by a tribunal entirely separate from the agency charged by law to manufacture the deadliest weapons conceivable.

Events are moving in the desired direction. The Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, has advised his ambassadors to be prepared to take over *all* aspects of foreign relations. That includes the atomic aspect. But Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has run into congressional criticism for daring to by-pass the military chiefs in making a major decision.

UNTIL the Congress plainly hears the people back home saying they want control of the Pentagon returned to civilian hands, a civilian-minded set of Atomic Energy Commissioners can serve as a buffer against the combined power of military politicians and contractors that former President Eisenhower warned against in his farewell address. The Commission membership now constitutes such a set of men. Counting Nobel laureate Seaborg, discoverer of many of the transuranium elements, the Commission majority is made up of scientists (Dr. Leland J. Haworth and Dr. Robert E. Wilson are the other two) who share with their non-scientist colleagues (lawyers John S. Graham and Loren K. Olson) a genuinely international perspective on human affairs.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

SNOW STORM

I WAS SURPRISED and sorry to find in your issue of March 4 a long and detailed attack upon a book that had not yet been published.

Whether in his forthcoming book C. P. Snow commits the errors of judgment and of fact with which your heavily autobiographical critic charged him is important. One should be able to get hold of the book at once. But the attack was made from an advance copy. If this practice should take root and spread, the man who submits a manuscript to a publisher will find himself reviewed before he is accepted and publication will become a sort of post-mortem formality.

JACQUES BARZUN

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sir Robert Watson-Watt wrote, on page 50 of SR/Research for 4 March 1961: "I have read an advance copy of the Snow book which is to be titled, 'Science and Government.' Until the work actually appears I am not privileged to analyze it publicly in detail. But I have compared its text with already published commentaries on the 1960 series of Godkin lectures at Harvard, from which the book was derived, and I can with confidence challenge the gist of C. P. Snow's incautious tale."*

Watson-Watt's remarks in SR did not, then, constitute a review of the book but a rebuttal to the Godkin Lectures. Representatives of Harvard University Press, which is publishing the book this month of April, recognize and freely acknowledge that they invited such reaction by allowing Life *magazine to print an excerpt from the book in advance of the book's publication date. The text of the book leaves a somewhat milder impression than the prepublication excerpt.*

SIR ROBERT WATSON-WATT'S "rebuttal" of Sir Charles Snow's Godkin Lectures is marred throughout by too forceful a desire to defend Lindemann and apparently himself from Sir Charles' supposed falsehoods while stating those "falsehoods" in an unclear incoherent argument.

The article presents the reader with an absurdity at its beginning. It calls the conclusion admitted valid by "historians and military strategists alike" a "perverted conclusion. . . . nonsense".

It submits an enthusiastic, impressionistic conception of Lindemann contributing another aspect of the man, but on no more authoritative basis than Sir Charles' account. We are left to choose between the two Lindemanns.

The only fact that holds any weight in the article is the result of the tea party. But we are to believe that Lindemann actively supported radar outside the Tizard Committee, and dissembling, discounted it inside? If so, I would lean to Sir Charles' conception of the man.

I think it was a grave error to print the article at this time. To the unfortunate people unable to attend the Godkin lectures it casts an unjustifiable aura of falsehood

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An Exchange of Knights

—Walter Bird

—Dial Press

(Sir Charles Percy) C. P. Snow (above) has written to SR's Science Editor: I notice that in your issue of March 4 Sir Robert Watson-Watt makes some bitter remarks about me. I do not feel inclined to join in a slanging match with an old wartime colleague who has done so much service for his country. For the moment I will simply deal with one point of history. It is the one substantial point which emerges from Sir Robert's arguments, and it is quite wrong.

I said in the Godkin Lectures that Lindemann, on the Tizard committee, objected to high priority being given to radar. Sir Robert denies this. It is completely undeniable. There are three men living who sat on the committee throughout, the secretary, A. P. Rowe, and the two external scientists, who happen to be Nobel laureates, P. M. S. Blackett and A. V. Hill. I have had the benefit of discussions with Rowe. Blackett has already published his account of the arguments in *Nature*, 185, 647-653 (1960). There is no factual difference between his account and mine and both of them have been read before publication by A. V. Hill. There remains no valid doubt as to what took place on this committee.

That is all I am going to say against Sir Robert. He is an old friend, and I remain very fond of him. He oughtn't to teach me psychology or history, that's all.

Some of what I said in the Godkin Lectures opens an area for genuine and useful argument. For instance, I am now inclined to think that the dynamic behind radar, and the logic of the facts, had by 1937 become so strong that, whatever the political direction of the country, the technical result would not have been altered. I shall be interested to hear other views on this point.

* * *

Sir Robert Watson-Watt (above right) comments:

My old colleague—and still, I hope, friend—C. P. Snow misunderstands. I wrote neither in bitterness nor in anger, but in sorrow. The writer of fiction, even of science fiction, has wide freedoms; the writer of history has not.

I wished to make clear my beliefs: (1) that Sir Winston Churchill and his wartime science advisor, Prof. Frederick A. Lindemann, in their campaign of August-September 1934, for a new look at science in defense, were direct progenitors of the Tizard committee, which was set up for this very purpose; (2) that many weeks of frustration, occasioned by sluggish Air Ministry action towards radar, were ended immediately after (if not by) the Westminster Tea Party—Churchill host, Lindemann and Watson-Watt guests—of early June 1936; (3) that any doubts about radar priority which may have been expressed by Lindemann after his appointment to the Tizard committee were almost certainly tactical and not strategic devices in debate; he may well have shared the widely held view that concentration on offensive devices was vital.

No expression of opinion, no actual action, by Winston Churchill leads me to believe that, as Prime Minister at any date whatever, or in any circumstances whatever, would have retarded the development of radar. This is the essential issue.

over the book which may dissuade some people from reading it.

Alfred C. Harrison, Jr.
Cambridge, Mass.

Your article in the current issue (*SR*, 3/4/61) by Watson-Watt on the essence of C. P. Snow's current novel(?) is timely and urgently needed. And it would seem to have been almost inevitable.

Because even from first reading the tale would appear to be too, too patently biased. Seldom, in real life, do we find adequate justification for such extreme emotion; for so much consistent condemnation of one person in high office or repressed (and official) adulation of a competitor. If one were a psychiatrist (instead of a psychologist), one might be tempted to probe for the hidden motivations that led to this result.

Is it possible that even so eminent a person as Sir Charles is subject to unconscious demonic forces of which he is largely or wholly unaware? Could it be that this is a reflection of an earlier jealousy or resentment? Did he yield to the temptation, ruthlessly to destroy a hated and defenseless symbol? Or does he suffer from the well-known Messianic complex?

John A. Hammer
Washington, Mich.

I am surprised—to say the least—by the statement of Sir Robert Watson-Watt (The truth about Churchill's aide. *S.R.* March 4) who qualifies himself as the "Inventor of Radar."

To my knowledge, the first radar was invented, designed and operated by the crew of scientists and technicians working in the labs of the French "Compagnie Generale de Telegraphie sans Fil," in Paris, early in the year 1934.

Mac Loubet
Arlington Heights, Ill.

Editor's Note: *The word radar, when spelled out to full length, reads: RA(dio) D(irection) A(nd) R(angefinding). The French device mentioned above was designed to prevent collision of ships at sea. It detected the direction from which another ship was approaching the ship carrying the device, but did not afford an estimate of the intervening distance or of the approach speed.*

In the haste of his attempt to slap together an article on C. P. Snow for your pages, Alan Gardner lost a pair of quotation marks. They should surround the sentence "Seeing the literary and the scientific worlds becoming even more sharply separated, he devotes himself to the task of bringing them together." When Mr. Gardner rereads William Cooper's *C. P. Snow*, in which that sentence appears, he will find that Snow's "Stranger and Brothers" series of novels will total eleven volumes, of which eight have appeared. Both figures are given incorrectly in Mr. Gardner's article.

James A. Sharaf
Cambridge, Mass.

Editor's Note: *When Alan Gardner, of the New York office of the London Daily Mail, was told of the above letter by telephone, he asked: "Who is William Cooper and what did he write about C. P. Snow?"*

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PAYOLA POLL

I AM IN COMPLETE agreement with the majority of your views on the role drug company advertising is attempting and too often playing in medical theraputics. I hope you continue to explore this topic. A "non union" look at any group's problems and actions is always healthy.

Buying drugs of a certain brand for the obtaining of premiums is a pernicious practice. The three letters you published, March 4, 1961, justify the practice on the basis of "You have to buy the drug from somebody." No one would argue that the primary consideration involved in buying a drug is other than obtaining, at a reasonable cost, the best available product in terms of patient benefit. The only way to insure this is to make it the only consideration in selecting a drug. If drug companies find that premium-manship is more convincing than quality control they will make it primary in their point of view also. No practising physician can test his own drugs for potency and purity. We rely on the ethical standards of the manufacturer. This is the basis of the professional status claimed by the manufacturers themselves. The attitude and frame of reference required for meeting the responsibilities of this status is incompatible with the huckster approach to drug sales.

In one point your handling of this phase has been unfair or at least incomplete. You published three letters which took the above noted position, and followed with a note. This is open to the possibility of bias and lack of significance in regard to the majority opinion of physicians unless you indicate in some way that these letters are a fair representation, qualitatively and quantitatively of the letters you received.

I will leave it to someone else to comment on the economic implications to the patient of "the free gift."

P. C. KELLEHER, M. D.
Needham, Mass.

"YES"

ALTHOUGH, AS A DRUGGIST, I was irritated at the conclusions you drew from the story on Morton Pharmaceutical's offer on Theelin to physicians, I laid them to ignorance or misunderstanding. But when you sneeringly commented on the lucid explanations of Doctors Lang and Schmidt in the issue of March 4th, I realized you are guilty of the same irresponsible attitude that much of the press has today, that is, to present an implication, and then proceed to reject all evidence and arguments against that hypothesis, either by omission or sarcasm. Morton makes offers to us from time to time in a similar manner; we cannot thrust such medicines on the patients as you suggest the doctors might be influenced to do—which I doubt. This type of promotion is nothing more or less than a business proposition with gimmicks; there are no more moral implications in this than advertising Theelin to doctors at different prices. Too often, you of the communications media, in your zeal to preach the responsibilities of others, forget your own: to present the truth (all of it), to be fair, and draw conclusions only after each of the above are fully considered.

JERROLD L. CARPENTER
Denham Springs, La.

"NO"

ALONG WITH MANY other physicians, I have applauded your recent efforts to expose abuses and unsavory practices in the pharmaceutical industry and in the Food and Drug Administration. We are tired of excessive commercialization and have welcomed constructive attention to the problem.

But in your picture caption and editorial comment on page 57 of the March 4 Saturday Review, you have let your enthusiasm for a cause far exceed your good judgment of what is important or newsworthy. It is absurd and unfair to allow the cheap advertising of a minor distributor of drugs to distort the public conception of the physician's role in drug prescription. Doctors do *not* "use patients like boxtops", and few physicians would pay any attention to the sort of premium offer drug advertising you have reproduced. Such advertisements, like your editorial comments, are insulting to the medical profession.

HARVEY ROTHBERG, M.D.
Princeton, N.J.

"CERTAINLY NOT!"

AS A PAST and probably future patient who has been and will be the recipient of drugs and pharmaceuticals, administered or prescribed by physicians, I take strong exception to Dr. I. E. Schmidt's defense of free gift offerings by drug houses to doctors.

AVERY YUDIN
New York, N. Y.

PAYOLOLLIPOPS

SR REMINDS ME of the cliché, a woman has to have the last word. Having run across a professional drug-premium combination deal, a rather misleading presentation was made. You have inferred that the health of the nation is in jeopardy because a physician can get a can opener with his hormones. You have commented that the patient may be missing an opportunity not to ask, "If a premium goes with the shot?" Actually we are training children at an early age in these ways by giving them balloons and other assorted toys when they have been good little patients. Perhaps we should cease.

JAMES O. DOUGLAS, D.D.S.
Ogden, Utah

AND REFRIGERATORS

RE TIE IN SALES of drugs to M.D.'s

It is a rare event in my neck of the woods that the proposition is made. I recall around seven years ago a salesman offered me a refrigerator if I bought $500 worth of Penicillin. He also offered a filing cabinet with safe with $250 worth of Penicillin. I had never seen the offers in print until reproductions of same appeared in SR some weeks ago.

The point is—the gimmick does not work apparently—here, at any rate.

The attention given to this gimmick was excellent sensational journalism of minimal lasting importance to SR's usual high standard material.

DAVID GEGGIE, M.D.
Wakefield, Que.

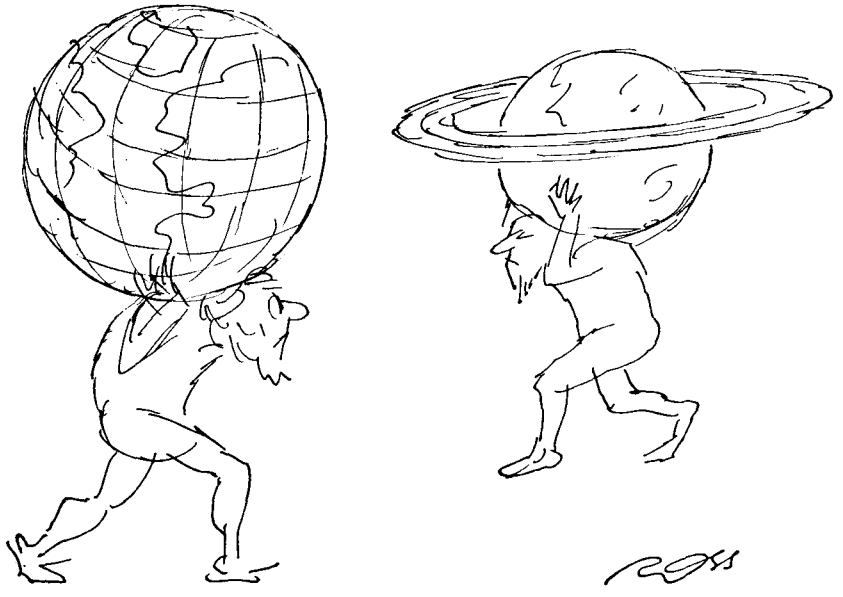
EVERYBODY'S GAME

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION is not alone in receiving junk mail at bulk rates. Every householder is showered with it.

I and many of my friends simply send back the envelopes and/or post cards without enclosure or return address. This costs the sender seven cents or thereabouts.

If all your readers will do this we may pay off the postal deficit.

HARRY BENNETT
Tempe, Ariz.



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"THEIR (UN)APPOINTED ROUNDS"

The Story of a Censorship that Harrassed Science for 20 Yrs Outside the Law

(When President Kennedy in the middle of March ordered an end to the censorship of certain mail coming into this country, many Americans were taken by surprise, so secret had been the practice. The following description is reprinted from the editorial page of* Science, *published just prior to the President's action.)

By GRAHAM DuSHANE

SINCE 1940 the Bureau of Customs and the Post Office have been impounding mail deemed to be foreign political propaganda. During World War II millions of pieces of mail were impounded and destroyed without notification to those to whom they were addressed. In 1946 the program virtually lapsed, only to be resumed in 1950 when propaganda began to increase with the onset of the Korean War. During the early '50's the policy of not notifying addressees was continued; propaganda was so loosely defined that even works on art, philosophy, and religion, some 19th-century literature, and some scientific and scholarly journals were destroyed. Research libraries, bookstores, and individuals often did not receive books ordered or journals subscribed to.

By 1955, research libraries, universities, and specialists in Asiatic studies had applied enough pressure to persuade administrators in Customs and the Post Office that they had a scholarly need for the materials that were being delayed or destroyed. Accordingly, a "white list" of those eligible to receive such mail was prepared. Material addressed to a professor at his university address would be delivered; that addressed to his home, impounded.

In 1958 the Post Office adopted the policy (still in effect) of notifying all addressees that it was holding mail containing foreign political propaganda—material which, though ordinarily nonmailable, would be delivered to the addressee provided it "has been ordered, subscribed to, or desired, and is not for dissemination." To receive the material the addressee must sign a statement that he has ordered, subscribed to, or desires the publications listed. And what is meant by "dissemination"? Read by two people? Available in a library? Referred to in an article? No one knows.

Still more remarkable, the entire program, from its inception, has had no statutory basis. Congress has passed no law giving the Bureau of Customs or the Post Office the right to impound, destroy, or delay delivery of mail. The legal basis is a 1940 ruling by the Attorney General that depends upon a strained interpretation of two statutes. A *non-registered* foreign agent resident in the U. S. would violate the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938. He would thus also be violating the provision of the Espionage Act of 1917 that makes it a criminal offense for anyone "in aid of any foreign government" to have or control papers to be used in violating any penal statute. Such papers are nonmailable under the Espionage Act. The Attorney General then ruled that foreigners in foreign countries who used our mails for transmitting propaganda became *unregistered foreign agents here*, and that their papers were therefore unmailable. If taken literally, this means that the clerk who mails an issue of the London *Times* that contains an editorial distasteful to a U. S. customs or postal official could be regarded as an unregistered foreign agent; the issue could be impounded.

During the two decades in which this legal fiction has been used to justify censorship, numerous efforts have been made to get a court test, but the challenges have so far been successfully evaded. In general, threat of a suit has been sufficient to bring about delivery of the material. But three suits are now pending in the District of Columbia, and it is encouraging that the Department of Justice has asked for an extension of time to permit review.

Regardless of the outcome in these cases, we hope that Congress will review the program and come up with some legislation that will protect the traditional freedom of a citizen in a democracy to decide for himself what to read without having to sign a document, and that will not put him in jeopardy if he "disseminates" what he has read.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXI

ALICE IN REVERSE: THE RABBIT CAME TO HER

Dr. Cora Downs of Kansas City Found Fame at Her Lab Door, Brought There by a Fevered Hopping

—Maurice Prather

Dr. Cora Downs (right) and protege

LAWRENCE, KAN.

FAR back in her girlhood in Kansas City, Kansas, Cora Downs, a physician's daughter, was fascinated beyond description when she first saw, through her father's microscope, the strips of ball-like forms which he explained were streptococci.

"They cause a lot of trouble," he told Cora. "They make people sick. When we kill the germs, the people get well."

That happened some time before Cora was nine years old. For her father, Dr. Henry M. Downs, died when she was nine and he was only forty.

Had Dr. Downs lived ten years longer, Cora might have become a physician herself. But his untimely passing left the family somewhat short of prosperity, and Cora could not afford to take too many chances. Even with his help, a medical career would have been risky for her. In those days (she entered the University of Kansas in 1912) people said medicine was a *man's* job.

So Cora didn't study medicine. She took the course next closest to her father's microscope: bacteriology.

Bacteriology still didn't fit the placid scheme of things to which most girls then belonged. Yet it didn't seem extreme for Cora because Cora had characteristics that most of the girls around her lacked. She had what it took to rig a sail on a canoe and ride before the wind on the Kaw River.

After two years of pre-medical study, she took another year of her chosen major and got her A.B. in 1915. Five years later she added an M.A. to her name, having become a university instructor meanwhile. In 1924, she added the Ph.D. and was ready for fame to come hopping into her laboratory on the backs of some Kansas rabbits.

In the same year that she had entered the university, the virus responsible for tularemia, or "rabbit fever," had been isolated in Tulare County, California. During the economic depression that began with the stock market crash in 1929, Kansas had many citizens, as did other states, who found it hard to get enough to eat. Here in Lawrence, one man and his wife kept themselves alive by shooting and eating rabbits. From these animals the unlucky couple contracted tularemia.

At that time, no effective means of treating the disease was known. The man and his wife were sick for nine months. Out of sympathy for them, Cora Downs became interested in "rabbit fever." Her research over a period of years helped to explain the biological mechanism through which the virus brought about infection.

One year after her major contributions to the literature on this mysterious subject began (1934), Dr. Downs was appointed to a full professorship in bacteriology. Today her name stands alongside one or two at the top of the list of "rabbit fever" research pioneers. So far has her reputation spread that the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. in Moscow recently asked permission to hang her photograph in its international gallery of medical honor.

At the age of sixty-eight, Professor Downs is more interested in the world of the microscope now—"if that is possible"—than she has ever been before. There is much more to see in that world now than her father was able to show her through his optical lenses years ago. The best instruments of her girlhood could magnify 1,000 times; modern electron microscopes magnify 600,000 times. And Dr. Downs' own relentless curiousity is adding new vistas to the ultraviolet microscope which promise in time to revolutionize the practice of epidemic medicine.

I visited this gentle inquisitor recently to ask about this latest feat. I found her lab on the south slope of the University of Kansas' airy site. She seemed completely at home there. The furniture consisted of centrifuges and glass tubing, culture media and microscopes, cages occupied by the rabbits, rats, mice, and hamsters that participate in her experiments. Yet the atmosphere was warm and friendly, encouraging graduate students to drop in for advice.

In her white lab coat, plump Dr. Downs—she is five feet, one inch tall, with graying hair, blue eyes and a girlish, almost elfin smile—looked very much like the medico she once wished to be. Certainly she was as busy as any doctor. She was, in fact, too busy to talk much. If she was going to take enough time to discuss the thing that is now closest to her heart, she decided she might as well do it right and take me home with her.

Off came the lab coat, out of the lab we went, and into her six-year-old Studebaker. Half a mile's drive away from the campus, we stopped at her two-story white frame house.

Immediately we were inside the place, she lighted a log fire in an unusual fireplace bordered with blue delft tiles collected by herself and her brother, the late Harry C. Downs, on many trips abroad. Soon the fireplace glow was reflecting satiny highlights from mellow heirloom furniture in the living room and catching, in dull backlight effect, the gold and white tones of a Japanese screen on the opposite wall.

She and bachelor Harry, the only children of the Kansas City physician, had shared this home together. She told, with a slight catch in her voice, how he had died of a heart attack last summer while traveling in France.

"It's a little lonesome, but I'll stay here," she said, looking around the living room. "All our things are here. And I have my flowers in the garden. That's my hobby. That and taking color pictures. Tomorrow night I'm going to show the garden club my slides on English gardens . . ."

Thus did Dr. Downs' thoughts turn outward from herself, in a wave of the enthusiasm that has swept her to un-

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usual professional success through the decades. The wave grew in power as she started to talk about her favorite subject, bacteriology. As her colleagues say, she is married to her work.

As very often happens with dedicated people, Dr. Downs need not look for ways to occupy her mind. Problems come to her for solution. It was thus that she became involved in perfecting the fluorescent antibody technic—a method of identifying disease—causing micro-organisms in a matter of minutes.

It is an old story, of course, how ordinary bacteria are stained to make them visible and identifiable under the microscope. With the much smaller viruses, identification is beset with many complications. The existence of the viruses has been known since the days of Jenner, but for a long time they were intangible mysteries, entities unseen.

"Generally, we didn't do much with viruses in the laboratory when I first went into bacteriology," Dr. Downs recalled. "The only way we could grow them was to inject them into an animal, then wait until the creature died and dissect it, laboriously studying sections of the tissues for evidence of damage. It was time-taking and expensive."

As early as 1942, Dr. A. H. Coons of Harvard had demonstrated that antibodies, the protective agents the body forms to kill invading bacteria and viruses, could be made visible with a dye that fluoresces and shows up in bright colors under ultra-violet light.

One of her students, Dr. Max Moody, interested himself in Coons' discovery. But Dr. Downs was not concerned directly with it until a graduate student named J. L. Riggs was left on her lab step by another Kansas professor, T. G. Metcalf, who was on the point of taking off for a new faculty assignment at the University of New Hampshire. Metcalf had called Riggs' attention to Coons' technic in 1954, and had suggested that Riggs duplicate Coons' work. Riggs had done so, and had run into difficulties that took him over his head.

Dr. Downs put Riggs in her canoe, so to speak, and sailed into trouble. First she took the precaution of enlisting an experienced two-man crew: Dr. J. H. Burckhalter, then head of the Kansas Pharmacy department and now at the University of Michigan; and Dr. Robert Seiwald, now of the University of San Francisco. The hardest chores fell to Burckhalter.

"We really couldn't have done it without him," Dr. Downs told me. "I had the idea, but he was the one who worked out the chemistry of it."

"The idea" was to find a stable dyeing agent to replace the stable agent with which Coons had begun. The Coons' agent had been phosgene, a deadly lung gas, not only dangerous to work with but practically impossible to store for any appreciable length of time.

At Burckhalter's suggestion, a search was made of old German dye patents, inasmuch as German chemists had been the masters of dyes since the latter part of the 19th century. In the I. G. Farben records the Kansas researchers found a suggestion that a stable fluorescing agent might be possible.

Some dyes were bought, others were created. Some would not couple with the antibodies; others would not fluoresce. Weeks stretched into months and years. After a total time period that Dr. Downs now estimates at 37,400 hours, success was finally achieved in 1958 by introducing sulfur into the dyeing compound.

In using the stuff, a sample of presumably diseased material, such as blood, is placed on a glass slide and dried. Liquid antibody known to engage the suspected disease is mixed with the fluorescing dye and the mixture is put on the slide for a few minutes, then examined under the ultraviolet microscope.

By this time, the fluorescent antibody has completely coated the virus particle or disease organism. The bacteria or virus has "lighted up."

Virtually all infectious bacteria are susceptible to identification by the technic. Micro-organisms resembling dots and rods, but causing different diseases, from streptococci to the plague, can be differentiated quickly: the cause of undulant fever, polio, smallpox, certain mold infections, tularemia, typhus fever, "Q" fever, and rocky mountain spotted fever.

The fluorescent antibody method is just beginning to be used in human epidemics. But its speed, sureness and economy are such that epidemiologists say it certainly will in time replace the much slower and costlier diagnostic methods now prevalent in medicine. The one significant source of likely delay in its acceptance is the presently limited supply of ultraviolet microscopes. Fluorescent antibody diagnosis requires an ultraviolet microscope.

At this triumphant moment of her life, it is difficult for Dr. Downs to contemplate her officially scheduled retirement two years hence. She feels confident she will somehow be able to continue her research. In any case, there is always the lure of travel. Dr. Downs is not at all afraid of foreign germs.

"In Paris or Rome or Vienna," she exclaimed, "I'm not a bacteriologist—I'm a gourmet!"

—By John Alexander.

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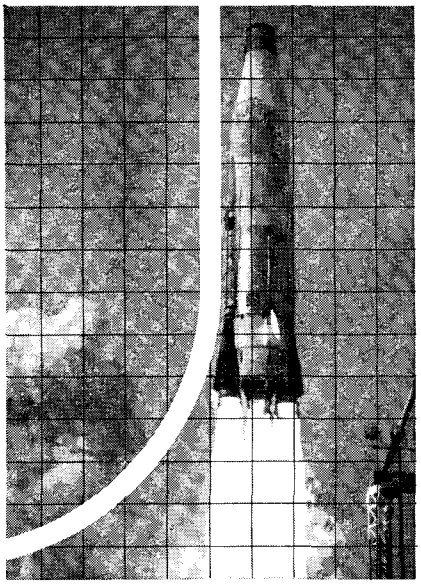

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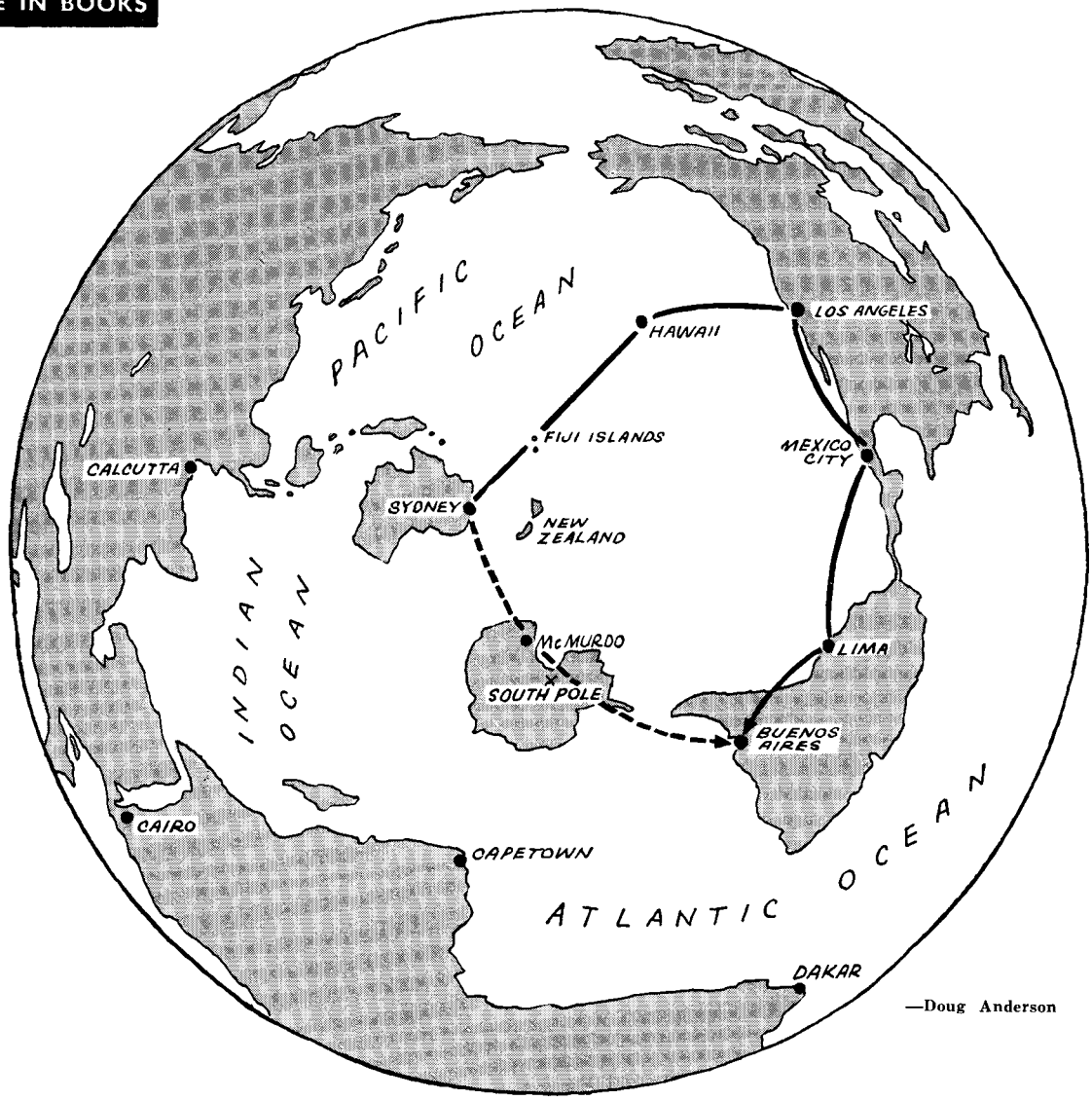

—Doug Anderson

SHRINKING THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

The Startling Effect of Coming Airline Routes Over the South Pole

THE question is often asked, "What is the value of Antarctica?" The Antarctic Continent today has no commercial value. The surrounding oceans offer a lucrative trade in the whaling industry to Russia, England, the Scandinavian countries and Japan. The United States cannot compete in this enterprise because of restrictive legislation to protect the farmers and fat industry.

Large deposits of coal, of a poor grade, have been found: also traces of gold, silver, tin, copper, manganese, lead, and other minerals—but of no economic value. Uranium bearing minerals have not been recorded, but Japanese claim to have found pitchblende. Conceivably oil will be found. If in the future a very rich ore is discovered, and nuclear power is introduced, mining on the Antarctic Continent will be feasible.

Although profitable mining is not foreseen in the immediate future, there is another commercial value that should be considered. South Polar air routes will be established when business in the countries of the southern hemisphere demands it. It is predicted that the population of the world will be doubled in a short span of thirty years. In the normal course of history it is natural that the population of the northern counties will spill into South America, Africa, New Zealand, and Australia. This will be accompanied by more rapid transportation.

Today, if a business man in San Francisco desires a conference with his associates in London, he can make the round trip over the north polar air route in a day, and have sufficient time for a meal and the conference in London. If a business man in Australia or New Zealand desires to visit the southern countries of South America he must fly north to the Fiji Islands, thence to Honolulu, and Los Angeles, California, and then south. The distance is 14,000 miles. By the Antarctic route the distance is 5,400 miles, a saving of 8,600 miles.

—GEORGE J. DUFEK,
Rear Admiral, U.S.N.
in "Antarctica,"
(Simon & Schuster, $15)

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First of the Month

Continued from page 5

convinced that it is high time a new and different kind of leadership entered the book-award picture. The most obvious change needed is, of course, the matter of giving, instead of just three prizes, at least a dozen awards in a dozen or more categories. Beyond this reform are all sorts of possibilities for national impact. There is a tremendous intellectual upgrading going on in this country, and, despite what the timid souls of the book publishing business seem to believe, there is at least as much interest in who wrote the best book of the year as there is in what designer got the "Emmy" for doing the best clothes for a TV Western.

This past year, for example, there was one, and only one, truly extraordinary book—the one book for which the demand most clearly exceeded the supply in every bookstore. The story of this book is a saga in itself. Doubleday editor Sam Vaughan paid a visit to Mr. Crawford Greenewalt, the president of DuPont, a man whom he hoped would do a book about national goals. A lieutenant of Mr. Greenewalt informed him that Mr. Greenewalt was at work on a book about hummingbirds. "To me," recalls Vaughan, "it sounded superspecialized, but at the same time I'd rather take a chance *on the militant, intensely interested* small group than on the mass market."

The rest is history. When the first dummy of "Hummingbirds" arrived at his office, Vaughan took it down the hall. "You may have heard about the idea of our doing a book on hummingbirds," he told his colleagues ("Honestly," he admits, "the idea sounded silly"), "and I want you to have a look at it." Today everyone who has seen the book (which was published as a joint venture with the American Museum of Natural History) knows why what happened did happen. (Doubleday will soon be off the press with more.) Mr. Greenewalt's text is, from the first sentence, extraordinary. "I photographed my first hummingbird one sultry summer afternoon in 1953," he writes. "It was a male rubythroat come for courtship to Delaware after a bachelor's winter in Mexico." As for the book's seventy ultra-high-speed full-color photographs (taken by Greenewalt with what his editor describes as "absolute, infinite patience"), they're an unbelievable achievement. Truly this book was, all awards to the contrary—and even at $22.50—*the* book of the year. "You can't cost-account it by publishing standards," Vaughan concludes, "but I've never been prouder to do a book in my life."

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WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE—An oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Continental cuisine. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1410

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Irish scholar who published editions of Latin classics, Shakespeare, Milton (d. 1872).

B. Person whom William Blake's "Ancient Bard" invites to "see the opening morn, image of truth newborn (3 wds.).

C. Blatant.

D. Of dependably sound and discerning judgment, esp. in practical matters (comp.).

E. Cuban chess master, 1910 oraduate of Columbia, died 1942.

F. Harsh, discordant, strident.

G. Familiar sonnet by Georae Wither asks if he should, by wasting after this manner, "die because a woman's fair" (2 wds.).

H. Compartment in a house of worship providing seats for several persons (2 wds.).

I. Swedish actress with Maurice Evans in "The Apple Cart", five years ago.

J. Tired of journeying (comp.).

K. Shelley's famous poem, 1817, on the futility of being a tyrant.

WORDS

213 18 51 96 176 73 106 104 220

27 20 62 114 117 194 65 178 79 156 159

76 126 202

68 47 167 146 80 158 3 172 22 38 162

116 52 143 99 199 119 192 209

23 219 100 107 7 37 92 198 160 135

17 216 136 57 151 31 141

44 10 132 186 201 152 25 163 173

91 215 155 182 56 139 103 53 15

206 131 42 188 123

32 40 183 157 168 208 218 212 72 49 193

64 26 165 184 204 190 13 70 2 46

DEFINITIONS

L. Pertaining to modern man, in contrast to the Neanderthal or pithecanthropus.

M. Smoking room (French).

N. Thoroughgoing; complete (comp.).

O. In pairs (3 wds.).

P. Designed to turn aside evil.

Q. Ridicules; is amused by (2 wds.).

R. *First in group of three things*—"how fast they fade away!" the others being brightness of day and crimson of sunset (2 wds.).

S. Tending to produce a bubbling up.

T. Apple-green mineral considered a gem when brilliant.

U. Lacking acute sensibility or perceptions.

V. Incapable of being overthrown by argument or proof.

W. Lychnoscope (3 wds.).

WORDS

12 177 197 148 43 78 144 8 1 179 66

113 11 29 55 120 74 211

189 98 21 149 95 164 41 67 122

69 50 34 19 86 214 210 30

180 142 166 175 130 102 93 81 147 45

4 83 58 181 150 54 28 128

105 87 187 133 85 217 127 121 195 161 90

203 88 124 191 9 71 60 111 196 140 169

89

39 115 110 174 63 97 134 101 200 59 153

207 36 125 48 6 170

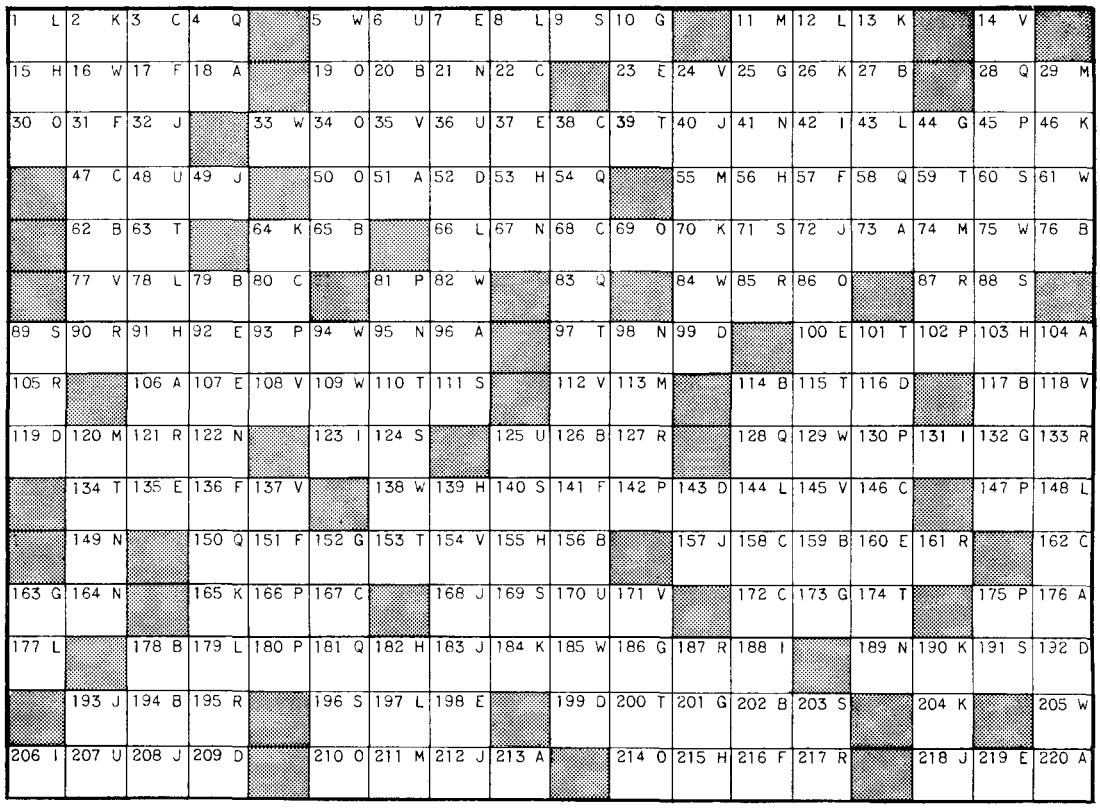
14 171 24 118 154 35 77 112 108 137 145

185 5 138 82 94 61 16 84 129 75 33

109 205

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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70. CHOPIN
The Ballades (Complete)
Artur Rubinstein
pianist

99. WAGNER
Preludes to Acts I AND III of *Die Meistersinger*, Siegfried's Rhine Journey, Siegfried's Funeral Music
Chicago Symphony
Fritz Reiner
conductor

97. SCHUMANN
Concerto in A minor
Van Cliburn
pianist
Chicago Symphony
Fritz Reiner
conductor

7. BRAHMS
Symphony No. 3 in F
Chicago Symphony Orchestra
Fritz Reiner
conductor

62. DVOŘÁK
New World Symphony
Chicago Symphony Orchestra
Fritz Reiner
conductor

24. TCHAIKOVSKY
Concerto in D
Jascha Heifetz
violinist
Chicago Symphony
Fritz Reiner
conductor

100. THE ART OF JULIAN BREAM
Works of Frescobaldi, Albéniz, D. Scarlatti, Cimarosa, Berkeley, Ravel, Rodrigo and Roussel
Julian Bream
guitarist

15. BEETHOVEN
Emperor Concerto
Artur Rubinstein
pianist
Symphony of the Air
Josef Krips
conductor

74. BARTÓK
Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta AND Hungarian Sketches
Chicago Symphony
Fritz Reiner
conductor

13. TCHAIKOVSKY
Pathétique Symphony
Chicago Symphony Orchestra
Fritz Reiner
conductor

FOR THE COLLECTOR

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82. BACH
Two-Part Inventions (Complete) AND Three-Part Inventions Nos. 1, 2, 5, 11, 13, 14, 15
Wanda Landowska
harpsichordist

76. BEETHOVEN
Appassionata Sonata AND Sonata No. 7 in D
Vladimir Horowitz
pianist

35. RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF
Scheherazade
London Symphony Orchestra
Pierre Monteux
conductor

85. SAINT-SAËNS
Organ Symphony
Berj Zamkochian
organist
Boston Symphony Orchestra
Charles Munch
conductor

86. VIVALDI
Concerto in D
BOCCHERINI
Concerto in B flat
VIVALDI-BACH
Concerto in G
Antonio Janigro
cellist
The Solisti di Zagreb

73. MOZART
Symphony No. 40 in G minor AND HAYDN Symphony No. 104 in D
Vienna Philharmonic
Herbert von Karajan
conductor

23. TCHAIKOVSKY
Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor
Van Cliburn
pianist
KirilKondrashin
conductor

84. BEETHOVEN
Archduke Trio
Artur Rubinstein
pianist
Jascha Heifetz
violinist
Emanuel Feuermann
cellist

81. RACHMANINOFF
Concerto No. 1 in F sharp minor AND Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini
Sergei Rachmaninoff
pianist

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